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AUGUST 2014 $8.99 U.S.

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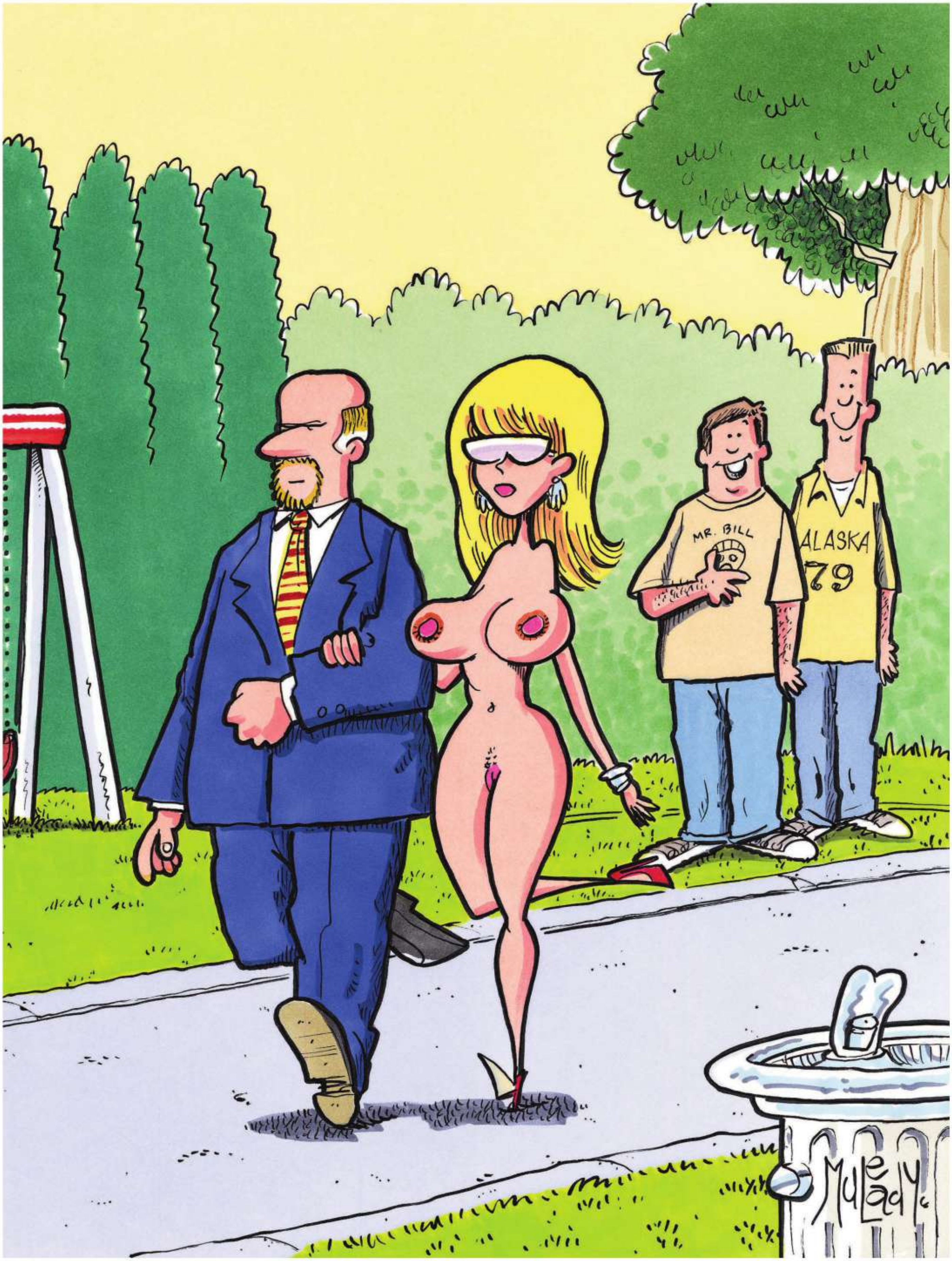
MR. BILL
ALASKA
79
Mulhearn

"Clothes make the man. *No* clothes make the woman."

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HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

HUSTLER®

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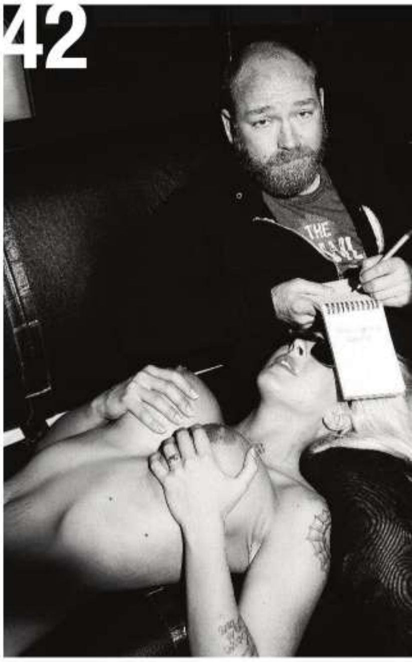

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Cover photo by Matti Klatt

HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

DIRTY TRICKS ALERT

If you thought the campaigns against President Obama were vicious, the next national elections are shaping up to be even worse. Republican campaign strategists and activists are already rolling out deceptive tactics like phony websites to subvert Democratic campaigns and spreading disinformation to suppress the minority vote.

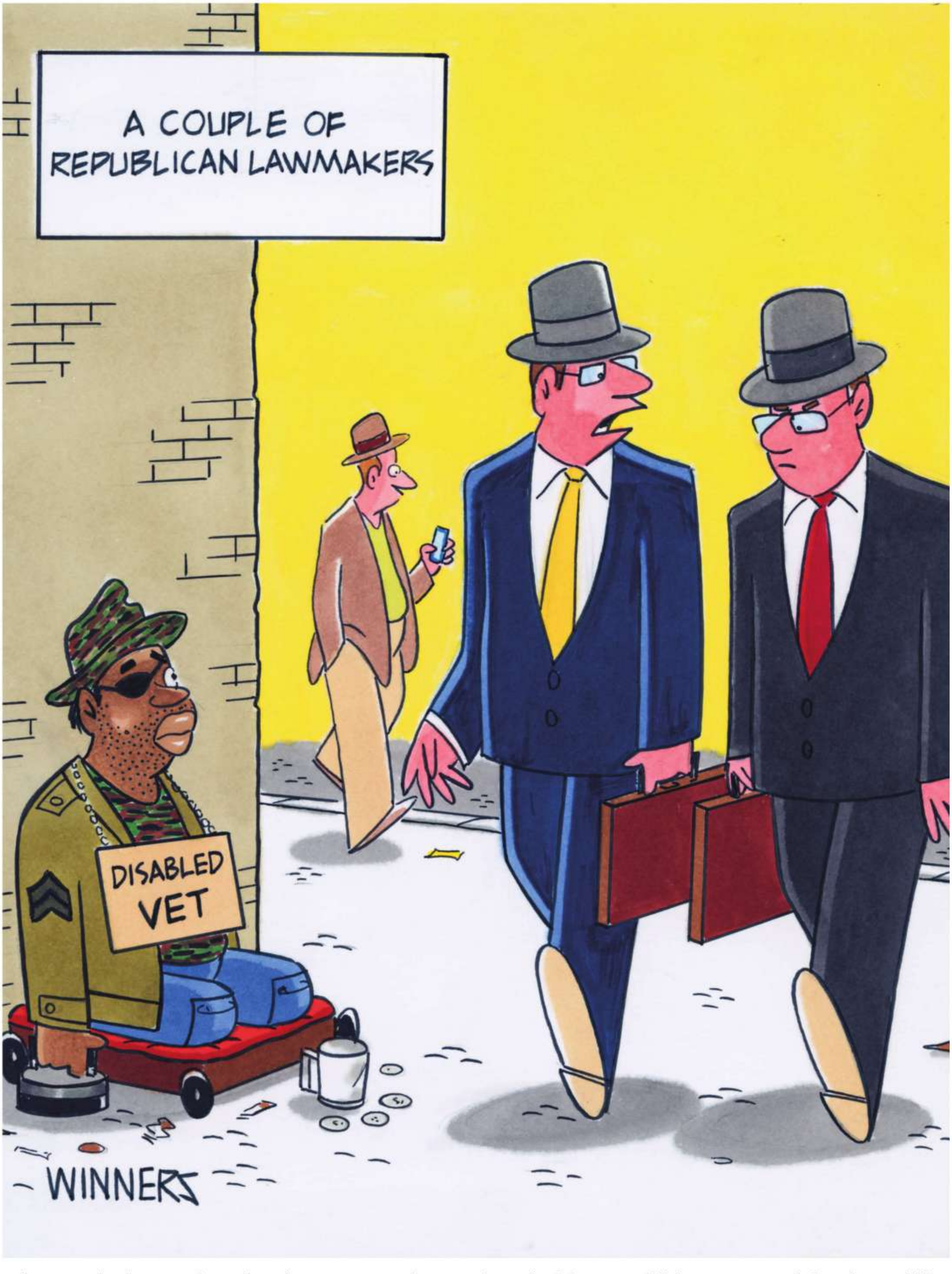
The only way to fight the coming epidemic of lies is to arm yourself with knowledge and awareness. Don't take anything at face value.

If you're told that your candidate is a job killer, a Communist, hates America or whacks off to HUSTLER, check the facts yourself. If somebody tries to tell you that you need an ID to vote, tell them that's a lie. If local officials tell you your car insurance or legal status or who-knows-what will be checked if you register to vote, don't believe them. Before you send money to anyone's campaign, read the fine print to make sure it isn't actually going to defeat your candidate. If somebody gives you a flyer saying the election date was changed or your party votes on a different day, rip it up. If your boss pressures you to vote his or her way, point out that the secret ballot is one of the cornerstones of a free and fair election.

Those are just a few examples. Assholes running for office will do and say anything to win. Rest assured they're already thinking up new ways to bamboozle the electorate.

Let's be ready for 'em.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


A COUPLE OF REPUBLICAN LAWMAKERS
DISABLED VET
WINNERS

"I say let's cut his food stamps. Then I bet he'd get off his ass and find work!"

THE SMEAR MATRIX

NSA HELPS BRITISH SPY AGENCY STOCKPILE "SEXUALLY EXPLICIT" PHOTOS AND VIDEOS FROM YAHOO CHATTERS.

Porn has a new hotshot, and I fear for Larry Flynt's financial future now that Big Brother is challenging him for market share. Who needs HUSTLER Magazine when you have the British intelligence agency Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ)—in cahoots with America's National Security Agency—setting "honey traps" to snare or blackmail individuals by enticing them into sexually compromising situations?

That's just one tawdry revelation from the files leaked by former NSA contractor Edward Snowden. The classified documents also exposed the GCHQ's "Optic Nerve" operation, which netted a treasure trove of amateur porn from millions of Yahoo Chat users. Thanks to whistleblower Snowden, you know that the U.S. and United Kingdom have teamed up to subvert the Internet as a tool for sexual repression.

The GCHQ's intercepts of video purloined from Yahoo customers was fed into equipment supplied by the NSA to develop a vast facial-recognition library with photos of every Yahoo user as a potential criminal. "The best images," a GCHQ report specified, "are ones where the person is facing the camera with their face upright."

Evidently it was not only the face that was upright. As one document from the British spy agency warned, upwards of 11% of the captured Yahoo webcam images stored on their government servers turned out to be sexually explicit: "Unfortunately, there are issues with undesirable images within the data," a GCHQ analyst complained. "It would appear that a surprising number of people use webcam conversations to show intimate parts of their body to the other person. Also, the fact that the Yahoo software allows for more than one person to view a webcam stream without necessarily sending a reciprocal stream means that it appears sometimes to be used for broadcasting pornography."

No kidding? Scholars should welcome this finding as an important post-Internet update to the Kinsey Reports. Once again it's been established that vanilla sex is not necessarily the norm. It also raises the question of why government agencies are collecting this information in the first place.

As the GCHQ report concedes, it has nothing to do with the British government's claimed purpose of fighting terrorism: "One of the greatest hindrances to exploiting video data is the fact that the vast majority of videos received have no intelligence value whatsoever, such as pornography, commercials, movie clips and family home movies."

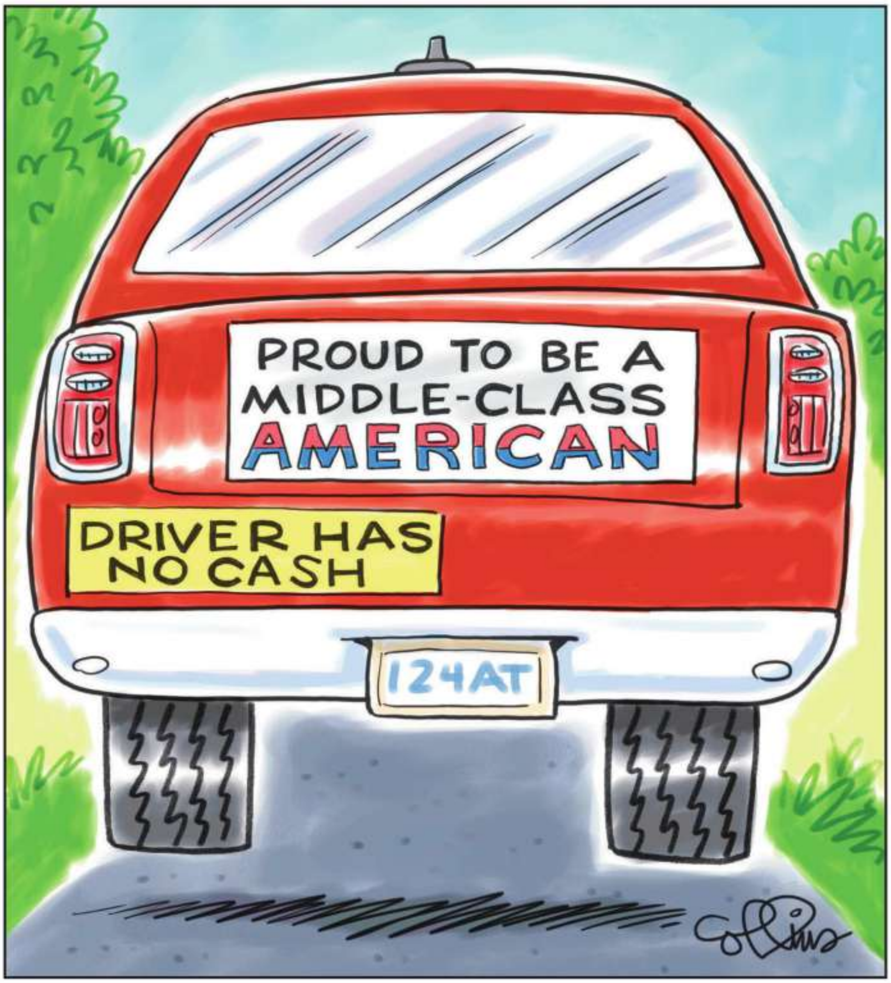
Nevertheless, this information provides an insight into the appetites and vulnerabilities of ordinary folk that can be exploited to entrap them. In addition—as the "honey traps" and other dirty tricks employed by the GCHQ in cooperation with the NSA reveal—these agencies can invent facts to besmirch our character even when they don't exist.

The manual on such character assassination was developed by the GCHQ's ultrasecret Joint Threat Research Intelligence Group and shared with the NSA. Thanks to Snowden, we know it contains a section listing the ways to "discredit a target," beginning with "set up a honey trap"— i.e., sexual entrapment.

However, the manual adds more pedestrian dirty tricks, including "change their photos on social-networking sites" and "write a blog purporting to be one of their victims." Another section has a list on taking out companies the spy agencies don't like. Suggested tactics include "post negative information" and "stop deals/ruin business relationships." The section on online covert action ballyhoos the virtues of the 4 Ds—"deny/disrupt/degrade/deceive"—as a manta of destruction "to make something happen in the real or cyber world."

Journalist Glenn Greenwald, the chief conduit of Snowden's NSA leaks, says the GCHQ and other Western intelligence agencies "are attempting to control, infiltrate, manipulate and warp online discourse, and in doing so are compromising the integrity of the Internet itself." Not to mention destroying our basic freedoms in the process.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*


PROUD TO BE A MIDDLE-CLASS AMERICAN
DRIVER HAS NO CASH
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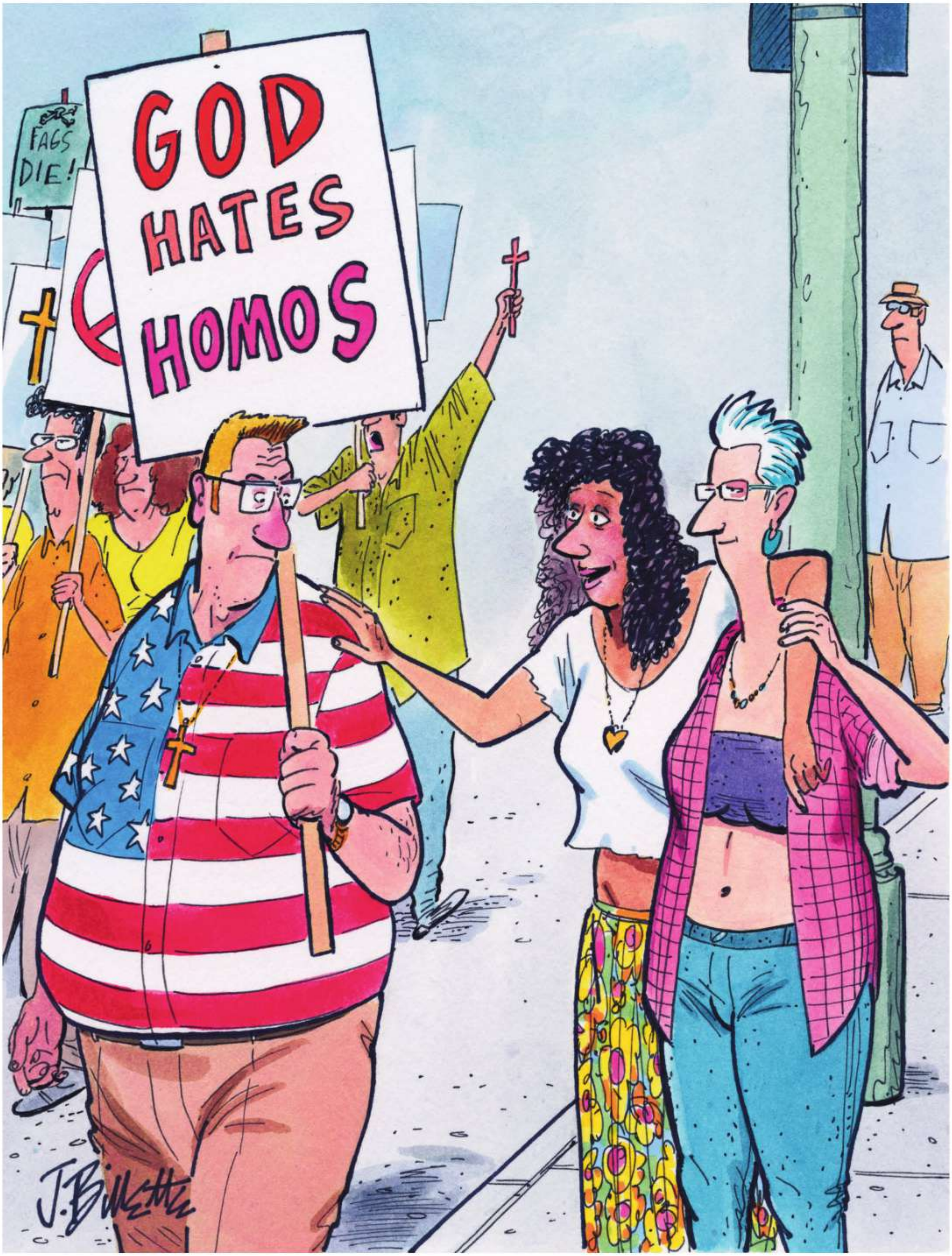

GOD HATES HOMOS
FAGS DIE!
J. Billette

"Excuse me. Is it true that intolerant Christian straight people are born that way and they just can't help it?"

AMERICA OR CHINA?

NSA'S SURVEILLANCE IS INTIMIDATING JOURNALISTS AND RESTRICTING THE FREE FLOW OF INFORMATION.

Back in the 1950s and '60s, when FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover was convinced that a huge number of citizens were engaging in "un-American" activities, free-thinking friends of mine became very careful of what they said on the phone. Some even tried to disguise the titles of books and publications they bought.

In my book *The War on the Bill of Rights and the Gathering Resistance* (Seven Stories Press), I quoted Judith Grant, an associate professor of political science at the University of Southern California: "I now pause a moment before I write almost anything. I think about how a government official might read my writing if he or she were trying to build a completely unjustified case against me."

Hoover is long gone, but now—thanks to mind-boggling technology—government surveillance has become more invasive than my nemesis could have imagined. Once Edward Snowden's leaked documents began being publicized in June 2013, the colossal magnitude of the National Security Agency's illegal snooping was revealed.

A few months later the PEN American Center announced in an ominous report that it had "partnered with independent researchers at the FDR Group to conduct a survey of over 520 American writers to better understand the specific ways in which awareness of far-reaching surveillance programs influences writers' thinking, research and writing." (PEN American Center is a branch of PEN International, a literary and human-rights organization I've respected for decades.)

The survey findings were eventually published in a report titled *Chilling Effects: NSA Surveillance Drives U.S. Writers to Self-Censor.* CommonDreams.org followed up with a Lauren McCauley article headlined "Scared Silent." In her summary of the PEN report she noted that "Journalists and nonfiction writers responding to the poll were overwhelmingly concerned over how best to protect their sources in this new climate of repressed press freedoms. Eighty-one percent of writers surveyed said they are 'very concerned about government efforts to compel journalists to reveal sources of classified information, and another 15% are somewhat concerned.'"

That reminded me of a knock on my office door in New York during the Nixon presidency. Two FBI agents demanded to know where I had gotten certain information on a government agency's infiltration of an entirely legal organization. When I asked them where in the Constitution they had the authority to force me to answer, the G-men got more insistent. So I gave them the name and address of my civil-liberties lawyers and shooed them away. Since then there have been no more knocks on my door from the FBI.

But I regret that not enough reporters fully know the Constitution to use the First Amendment as a patriotic weapon against the FBI, NSA and other government agencies. As Supreme Court Justice William Brennan once told me, "It's from the First Amendment that all the rest of our liberties flow."

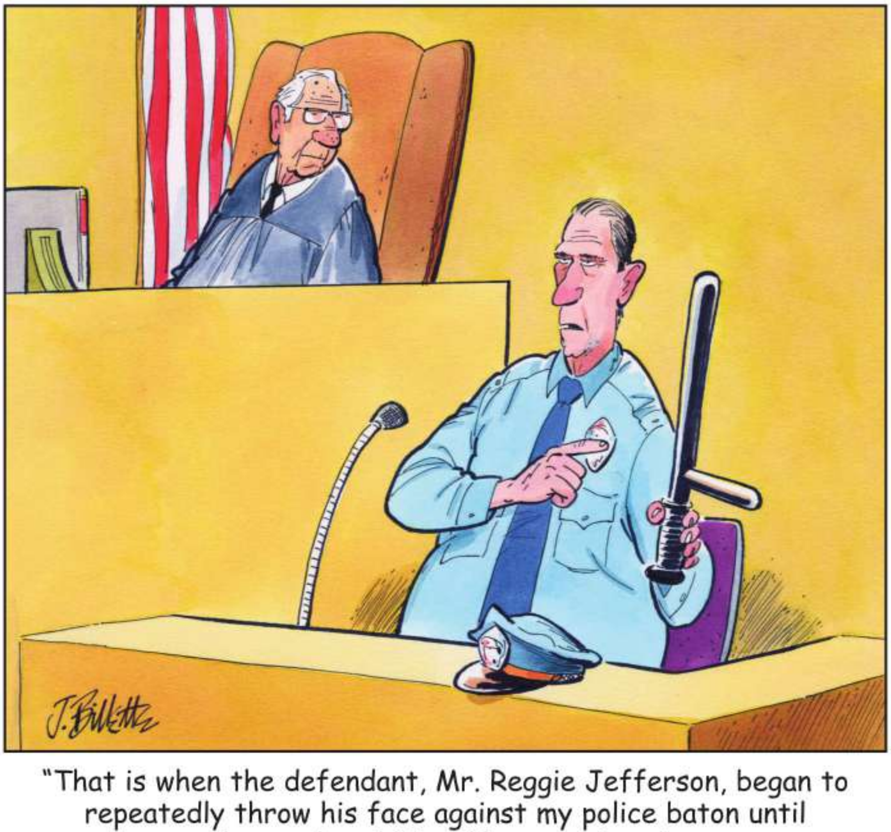
According to the PEN report, the fear of surveillance has prompted journalists and nonfiction writers "to change their behavior in numerous ways that curtail their freedom of expression and restrict the free flow of information." Survey respondents "reported self-censoring on subjects including military affairs, the Middle East-North Africa region, mass incarceration, drug policies, pornography, the Occupy movement, the study of certain languages and criticism of the U.S. government."

Do these writers tell their kids that this is still America?

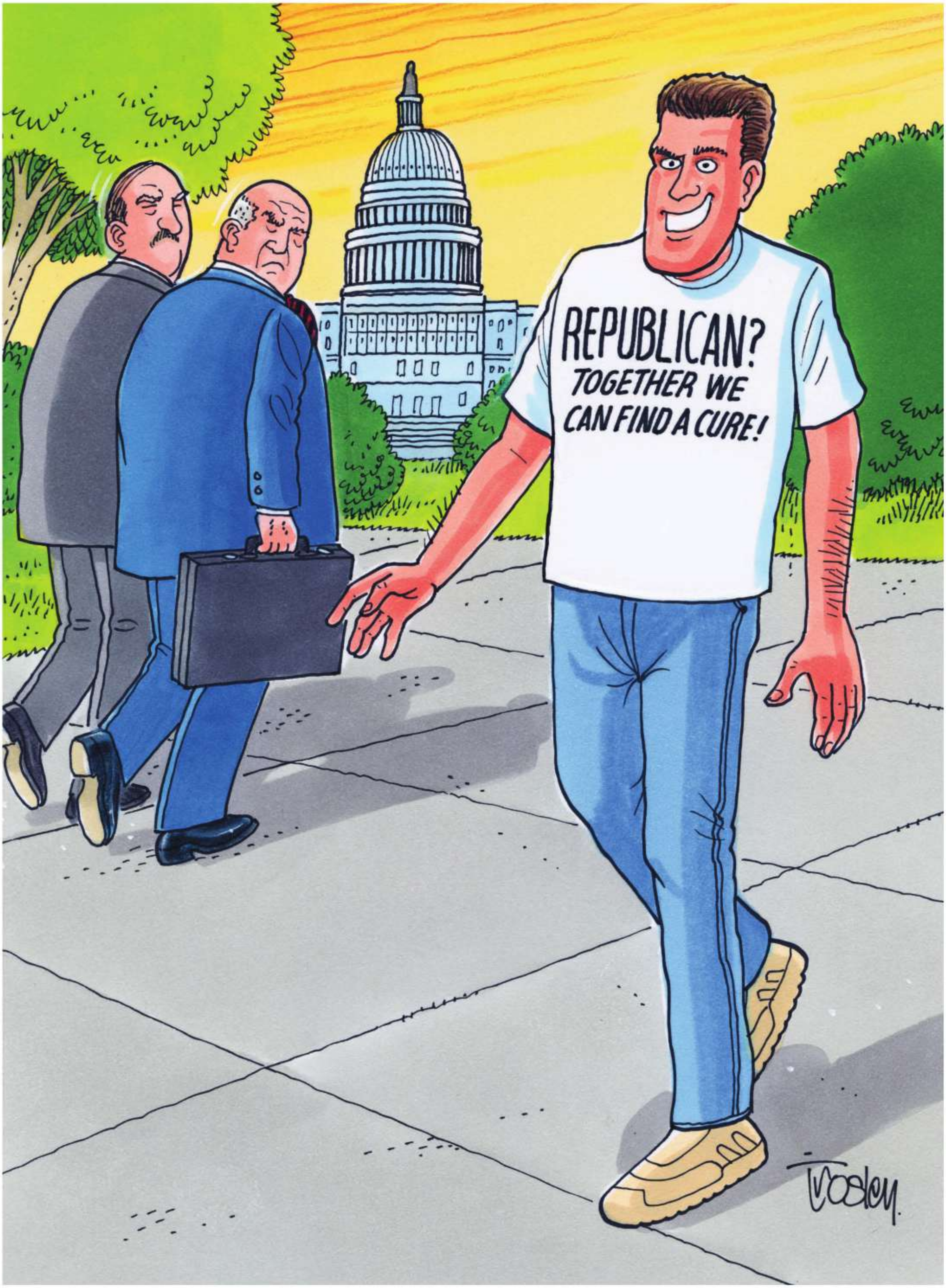
"Part of what makes self-censorship so troubling is the impossibility of knowing precisely what is lost to society because of it," the PEN report warns. "We will never know what books or articles may have been written that would have shaped the world's thinking on a particular topic if they are not written because potential authors are afraid that their work would invite retribution."

With two more years of President Barack Obama and his legion of spies hovering over us, this is what has befallen the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. Will Obama's successor end the self-censorship of journalists and scholars or the spying on them by a government that is Constitutionally supposed to be responsible—and responsive—to We the People?

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and Jazz Foundation of America board member, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist and jazz critic. His books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"That is when the defendant, Mr. Reggie Jefferson, began to repeatedly throw his face against my police baton until he rendered himself unconscious."


REPUBLICAN? TOGETHER WE CAN FIND A CURE!
Wosley

LINDSEY GRAHAM

Heard this one? Why did the senator support the antigay Defense of Marriage Act? Because he was happy as a bachelor!

Now don't get us wrong, we don't give a crap where the nonmarrying, nonbreeding U.S. Senator from South Carolina Lindsey Graham sticks his shriveled Congressional member. But if he does indeed eat a bowl of dicks for breakfast, then drags his sorry ass over to the Hill to vote for ways of making life harder for gays, that's just being hateful and two-faced. He deserves to be called out on it.

As it happens, outing Graham is something of a local sport in South Carolina. Every time the old Southern queen runs for reelection, the rumors come wafting back like the smell of Strom Thurmond's rotting carcass. In one of the most explicit references yet, state-level primary challenger Dave Feliciano recently got flamed for calling Graham "ambiguously gay." You know, like the way the South ambiguously lost the Civil War.

But Graham's highly likely sexual hypocrisy isn't the main reason we finally shafted him with a long-deserved Asshole award. It's because of his pathetic pandering to his party's pack of rabid fringe-dwellers, aka the Tea Party. Graham used to be an old-school conservative pragmatist when bipartisanship was never really considered a crime worthy of tarring and feathering. But these days constituents in his bloodred home state are more than willing to break out the buckets and slash a few pillows if he so much as calls the President an American. Ironically, they, not liberals, are the ones threatening to drag Mr. Ambiguous out of the closet unless he disavows his own Congressional history.

It's also the bullies on Graham's own team who can't forgive him for one of his most striking displays of common sense: voting with the "Courageous 14" Republican senators in favor of immigration reform in 2013. Sure, it was a blatantly opportunistic way of beating the "demographic death spiral" and getting "back in good graces with the Hispanic community," as Graham put it, but it made solid sense all around. Diversity is the business of America, and business is a-boomin' whether the tight white right likes it or not.

After the vote, the antigovernment pit bulls attacked. Rush Limbaugh branded the senator "Grahamnesty," radio dominatrix Laura Ingraham called him a "liberal Republican" who "needs to be punished," and hardline harpy Ann Coulter shrieked about "the end of America." Lindsey must have given a thought or two to the fate of Fort Sumter as the crazies set fire to his political future.

So how do you escape being burned by thorny domestic issues? Switch to murky global issues no one understands and blame Obama for everything. At press time, Graham was beating the dead horse of Benghazi and—in a twisted logical leap worthy of the mind of Sarah Palin—tried to tie it to events in Ukraine. According to Graham, Russian President Putin's decision to send troops into the ethnically Russian territory of Crimea "started with Benghazi when our consulate was overrun and our first ambassador was killed. I think Putin believes Obama is really all talk and no action. And unless we push back soon, the worst is yet to come."

Repeating the phrase "weak and indecisive" every time he talks about Obama and seeing in Putin a manly, conquering marauder who knows what he wants and takes it, Graham was either jumping on the Fox News hatewagon or confusing his sexual fantasies with wise foreign policy. Whatever it was, it seemed to work. Getting the bear hug from the likes of Newt Gingrich, Lindsey has escalated his foreign-affairs propaganda, saying the word *Benghazi* at least once in every sentence and stocking tweets and campaign ads with specters of nuke-wielding foreigners ready to storm Myrtle Beach at any moment.

Graham says his blather is "what's best for the country," but he's playing the game as he always has: carefully and precisely licking the right butthole for whatever situation he's in. Meanwhile, he ignores people who actually deal with the realities he distorts, like the parents of Chris Stevens, the ambassador killed in Benghazi. They called it "abhorrent" and "wrong" to politicize their son's death. Graham also forgets that Putin marched into the republic of Georgia during the Bush Administration. Is he saying his buddy Dubya was "weak and indecisive" too? The reality is, guys like Putin think very hard about Western military power and take it seriously. Anyone with any historical memory at all can see that the Russian despot bases his strategy on what areas the U.S. and Europe are least likely to go to war over, regardless of who's in the White House.

For all of his huffing and puffing like Aunt Pittypat in search of her smelling salts, Graham hasn't said anything concrete about what Obama should actually do about Putin, other than to make some phone calls and pester Europe. Exactly how would the senator "stand strong," as his campaign ad says in its ambiguously phallic wording? Are we talking about a scene straight out of *300*?

Well, for a clue to the true nature of Graham's warrior spirit, consider a past episode he's tried hard to bury. Back in 1998, when Graham was one of the dickwads impeaching Bill Clinton, reporters discovered that the self-proclaimed "Operation Desert Shield and Desert Storm veteran" was actually a pencil pusher who never left South Carolina. His combat credentials? Just another duffel bag full of campaign crapola.

To any South Carolinians reading this, we'd like to extend a serious request: Please tell us why you keep voting this lying sack of vapors back into office. We seriously want to know. And while you're at it, send us those photos of Lindsey being gloriously unambiguous for a change. As he so often says, it is what's "best for the country." H

DUTCH TREAT

Selling pussy has been legal for so long in Amsterdam, they already have a museum for it. Even if you're eager to hit the meat streets and blow your wad (in more ways than one), go here first to find out what the going rate is: 50 euros (or $70) for 15 minutes, though any whore worth her window will get you off in ten. A well-informed customer is less likely to get shafted.

The museum is conveniently located in the Red Light District, on the Oudezijds Achterburgwal 60-62 in Amsterdam, and is open from noon to midnight. For more floozy facts, check out **RedLightSecrets.com**.

Red Light Secrets
MUSEUM OF PROSTITUTION

PHOTO COURTESY RED LIGHT SECRETS

PHOTO BY ANOEK DE GROOT/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

PORN FROM THE PAST

Alice tackles the lead in *This Ain't Upstairs, Downstairs XXX*. Thanks to D.D. of Crescent, Iowa, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"I could give a crap about the political process. We're an entertainment company." —GLENN BECK, FOX NEWS HOST

Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area
Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?
HUSTLER
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE

HUSTLER PERSONALS

Stop wasting time and cash in bars

Start Chatting

We've found really great, cute girls
who just want the same thing you do...
TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW
right in your area

COME INSIDE
Its time to make things Personal.

Elle
818-3?4-23??

MOVIE BUFF

Let's hear it for casting-couch cuties who recently popped their full-frontal cherries. After all, why should only Hollywood insiders get to do the body check? With skin like this on the mainstream screen, it's time to spend a sick day or two hitting rewind.

LILI SIMMONS, *BANSHEE*

LEAH GIBSON, *ROGUE*

ELLE EVANS & EMILY RATAJKOWSKI, *BLURRED LINES*

MEGHAN FALCONE, *CALIFORNICATION*

"What is courage but a failure of planning." —KATHLEEN TURNER, ACTRESS

ELLEN HOLLMAN, *SPARTACUS*

TAYLOR SCHILLING & LAURA PREPON, *ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK*

JO ARMENIOX, *BOARDWALK EMPIRE*

HELÉNE YORKE, *MASTERS OF SEX*

"If you're going to kick authority in the teeth, you might as well use both feet." —KEITH RICHARDS, MUSICIAN

XXX-Men

I enjoy all of your movies and parodies, but I think you need to invent something new. I was thinking, what if you created a series where the porn stars are superheroes. Not a copy of anything, but give each guy or girl their own persona. Each with their own talent (obviously sex related). You could have anal, oral, just about anything. That way, you have an endless variety of matchups to experiment with. Hell, you could even have fans vote on the next episode of who is against who. I'm sure you could work in many sex toys and products as weapons. I think it's porn-movie gold. **—Kevin Blumig**

East Brunswick, New Jersey

Hazzardous

In the April '14 issue's *Beaver Hunt* you had a girl named Riley from Sarasota, Florida. Superhot redhead.

I was wondering if you could showcase her as she was in the Daisy Dukes. I remember the farmer's-daughter look. I thought, what a superhot idea with the sneak peek of her cooch below the shorts. Nice.

—Lou O.

Lowell, Massachusetts

Barely Illegal

As a former avid reader of HUSTLER since I was a teenager in the mid-'80s and in the military, I always looked forward to the next issue. I am writing from inside a federal prison, where hardcore pornography is illegal to possess, view or obtain, so my ability to purchase a subscription is greatly diminished.

I enjoyed everything your magazine represented in an unflinching way: human sexuality, sensuality and the subculture of sex that so many Americans deny being a part of. Other than the pictorials, I especially enjoyed the movie/video reviews. I can still remember a review of a film with Traci Lords. And then the shocking revelation years later that she was underage at the time. The laws pertaining to child pornography when she told the world what she had done were, I'm sure, extremely light compared to the laws on the books today.

—Vincent Fasone

Big Spring, Texas

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

One question has perplexed me these past 30 years: How does my dick keep getting into so many of your photos? I've considered going to court with this, but I need more evidence. **—Fred Denney**

Springfield, Oregon

ATM Machine

I bought a back issue of HUSTLER, February '13 with the gorgeous Rikki Six on the cover. I got excited seeing her in the nude (*Submissive Sexpot*). Plus, I enjoyed reading *HUSTLER Humor* and *Ass to Mouth: My XXX Initiation* by Oriana Small aka Ashley Blue, Girlvert. As a guy, I really felt bad and concerned about how she had to endure anal penetration from two guys with huge penises and no sense of compassion or care. They were very insensitive about her feelings, and she was kind of naive about getting anal-to-mouth sex. Poor girl.

Anyway, I still enjoy your magazine. There's lots of beautiful women on every page. Stacey Rae (*Ray of Sunshine*) has the most beautiful mammaries I have ever seen! HUSTLER is the best adult magazine around, period.

—Michael Garcia

Houston, Texas

Nikita Von James whets your appetite for bulging blondes in Jules Jordan Video's *Big Wet Breasts*.

Fair Advantage

Thanks so much for printing my letter praising Rikki Six in the May '14 HUSTLER. The photo of Rikki you included was fantastic. It's on the back of her first HUSTLER centerfold. Sadly there is no one else quite like Miss Six in that issue. Some of the dolls are cute and sexy, but without blond hair they are limited in what they can do to my dick.

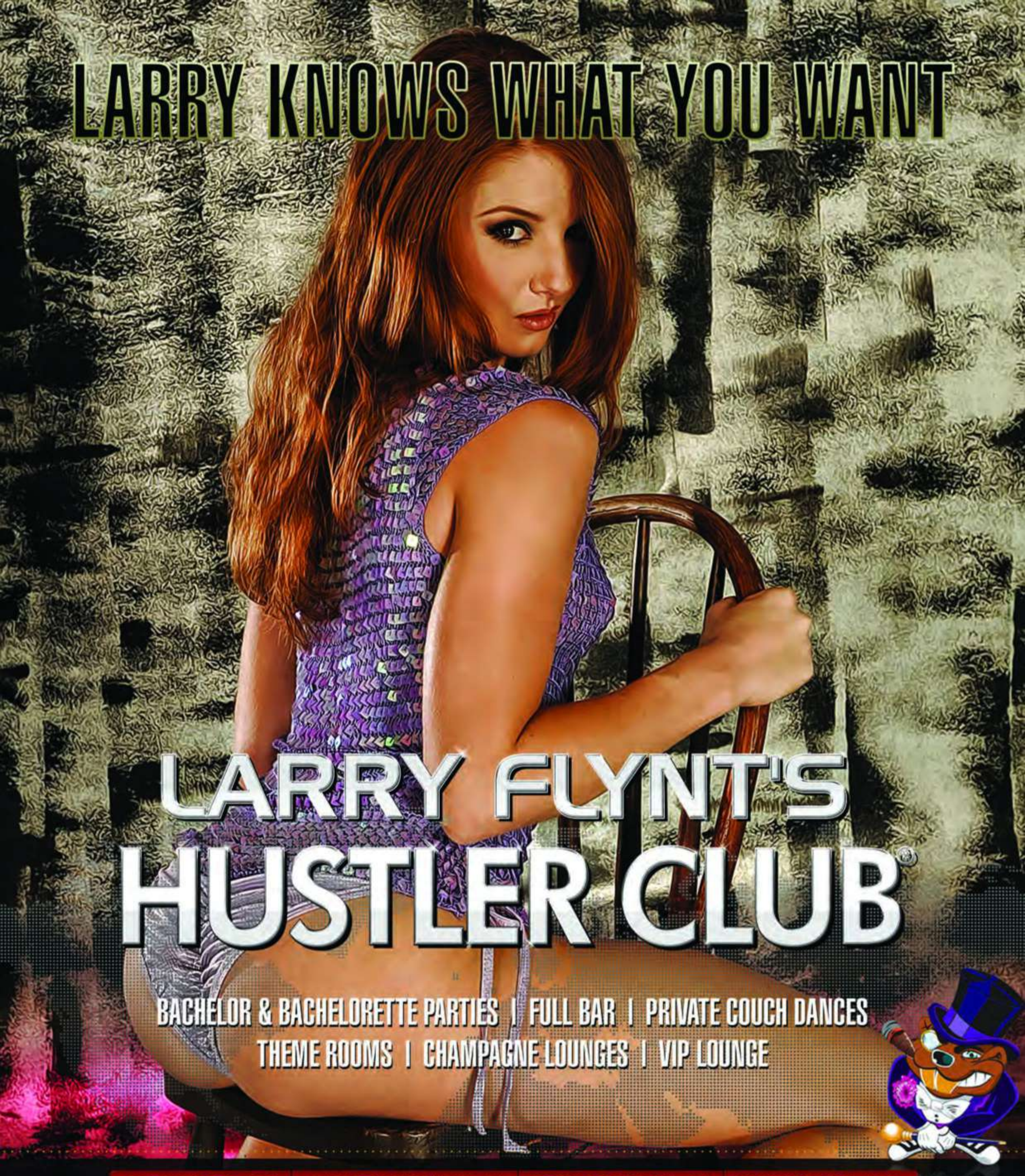
Two of your best photos in the May '14 HUSTLER are in the *Hardcore Showcase* review of *Big, Wet Breasts*. As you suggest, this title alone makes a person want to get this DVD. You offered two stunning photos of blondes in action: Nikita Von James and Summer Brielle. How about layouts of both?

More great pictures are in the *This Ain't Game of Thrones XXX* layout. My favorite is of Brandi Love bent over while getting fucked from behind. The layout of Keisha Grey (*Purple Haze*) is well done. I spent some time yanking on my dick staring at her. Keisha's centerfold is excellent, with her darling pink cunt in marked contrast to her tanned body. Those thighs are perfect. As are her D cups. Oh, if Keisha was only blond.

—Bill Smith

Chicago, Illinois

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



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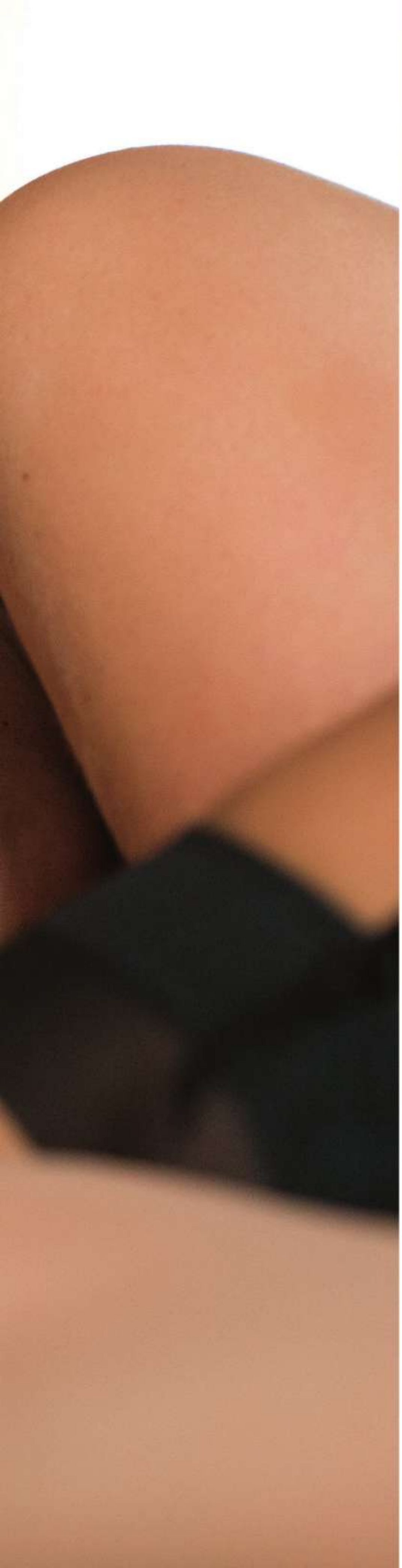
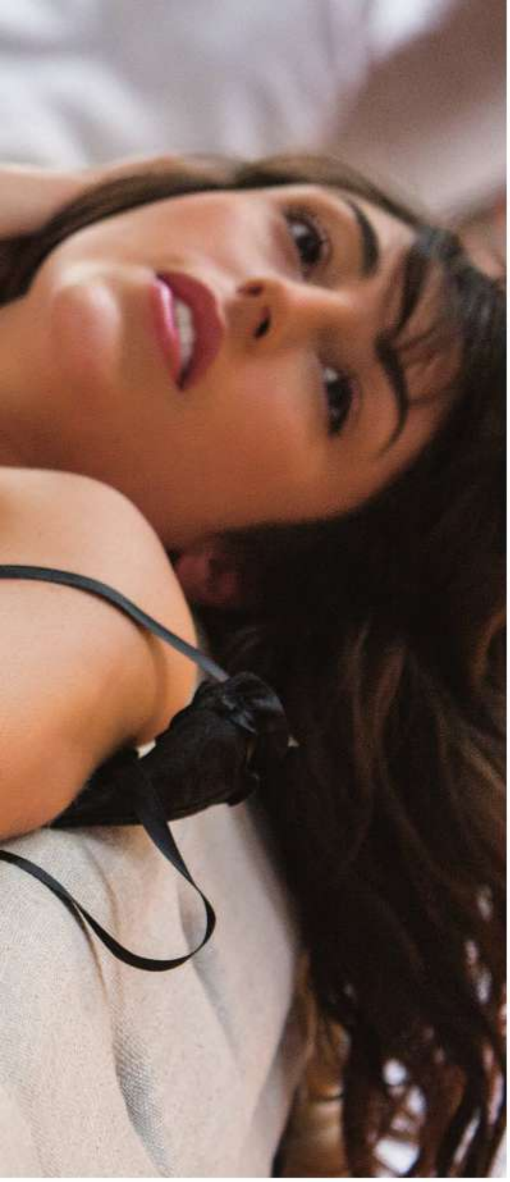
CHRISTIANA
CINN

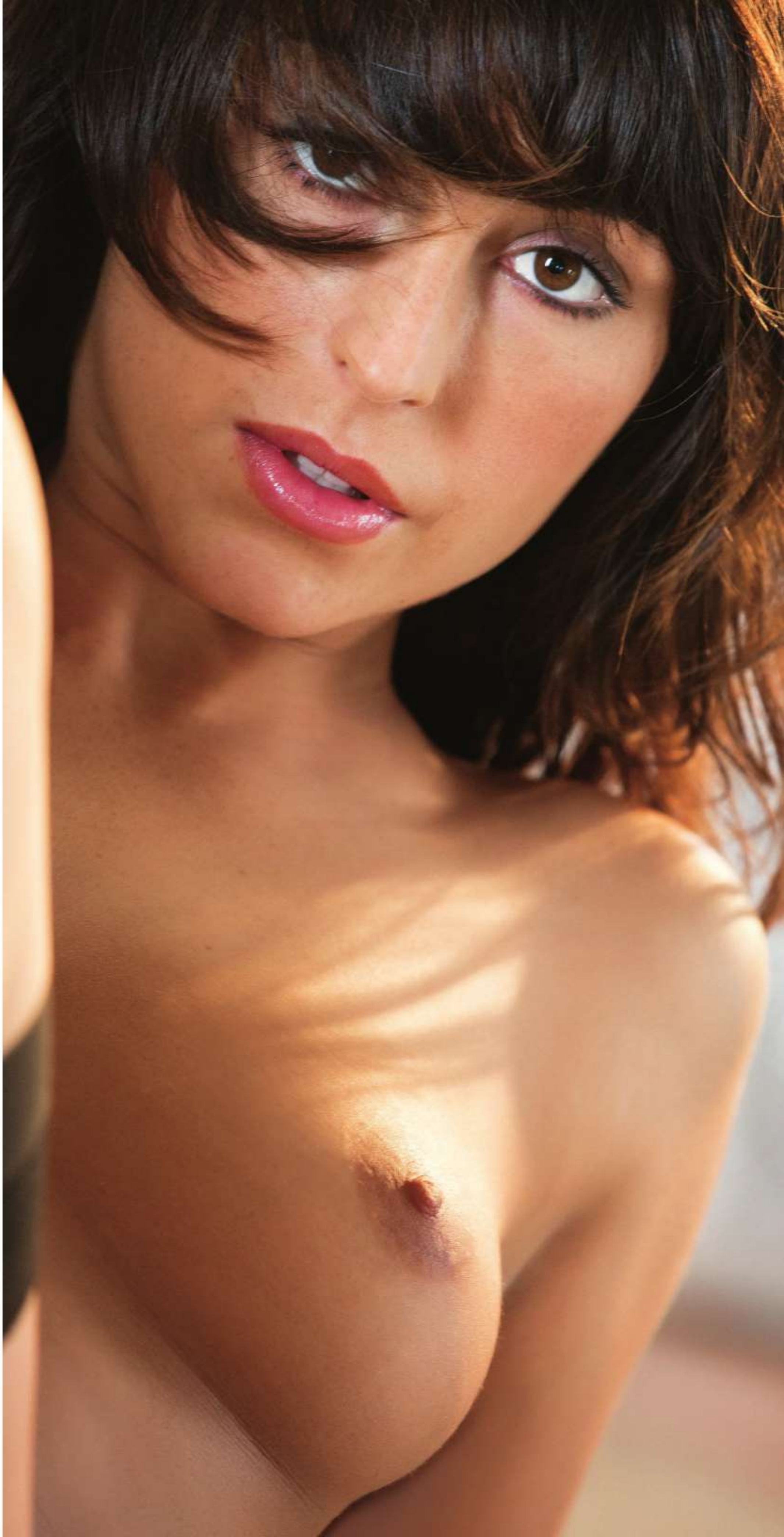
SCINTILLATING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM



I want to be in magazines, billboards, art galleries, movies, everywhere. I'm totally into the attention and just being out there, in public. Right now I'm reading *Lolita* by Vladimir Nabokov, and I even do that in public, because it makes me feel like such a naughty, naughty girl."





CHRISTIANA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Francisco, California** | AGE: **24**
HEIGHT: **5-4** | MEASUREMENTS: **32-24-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Any That Gives You a Great View!**
TWITTER: **@LeiaChristiana** | FACEBOOK: **LeiaCinnxo**

From Science Geek to BONDAGE FREAK

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

Casey Calvert has always been a bad girl. Now she's finally being punished—and she couldn't be happier.

If you're ever fortunate enough to be on a date with the lovely Casey Calvert, be forewarned: The lady is not a particularly good kisser. Although she's tried smooching many times over the years, she's never been aroused by it. It just doesn't feel romantic.

What Casey prefers on a date is to be tied up, hands and feet bound tightly behind her like a farm animal about to be branded. Then she likes a butt plug stuck in her ass. Then she likes to be whipped. Hard. With a bare hand, paddle or leather belt.

Now *that's* romantic.

Bondage. S&M. Domination. Humiliation. Sexual practices that all involve restraints, ropes and ball gags in conjunction with inflicting or receiving pain as part of the experience. Pushing the sexual envelope is a turn-on to a lot of folks, but to Casey it's much more. For her it's a lifestyle choice that's preserved her emotional health. Getting hurt is what's made her happy. >>

So how does a middle-class college coed choose to become a top XXX professional purveyor of sadomasochism.

"When I was four years old, I started to realize that I was different," Casey explains as I accompany her to a Southern California wilderness preserve for her morning rock-climbing ritual. (It keeps her limber.) "I wanted to be tied up. Hurt. That feeling became stronger as I got older, even though I knew it was wrong. I was always thinking bad thoughts. I wanted my parents or my baby-sitters to punish me."

But nobody did "punish" little Casey, and she kept her deep, dark desires bottled up inside her, growing up a moody child in South Florida with few friends. Her only comfort was school; she loved, in her words, the "dependability" of science and math. Then, as fate would have it, an incident happened to Casey at the age of 12 that changed her life: A classmate showed her some gay porn on the Internet.

"It was bondage porn," she recalls with a fond smile. "I was stunned. I thought to myself, *There are actually people out there like me. Maybe I'm not so weird after all.*"

STUDIO PHOTOS BY LIQUIDEROTICA & DAVE NAZ

For several months Casey explored the various BDSM sites on the family computer, learning about potential outlets for her secret dirty thoughts. That's when she got the idea of becoming a star in adult movies; it was the only profession, she reasoned, where she could get paid to be herself. The troubled adolescent had discovered a life plan that seemed to make sense.

And then everything went to hell. Her parents found out about her adult Web-cruising and freaked out. They took away Casey's computer, scared the shit out of her by pointing out she was breaking state law by viewing porn as a minor and dragged her ass (regrettably to her, still unbruised) to a shrink.

"I was made to think there was something wrong with me," she says, shaking her head. "So I tried to ignore who I really was. I'd listen to my friends in school talk about their crushes on boys and try not to think of my fantasies about my teachers tying me up and punishing me."

Repressed and confused, Casey waited until college before she experimented with boys herself. "I did some heavy petting," she confesses. "It was out of curiosity and boredom. I got nothing out of it. It made me feel more alone than ever."

Then fate intervened again when Casey took a First Amendment law class at the University of Florida. There she learned for the second time in her life that porn was not only acceptable; it was also an unalienable right—freedom of the press, protected

under the Constitution. She went back online and never looked back.

"I finished the class right before my 21st birthday," she explains with a smile. "It taught me that I had a choice. I could go out and get drunk like any other coed, or I could do something that was meaningful to me. I decided to give myself a meaningful present."

After some online research, Casey gave herself a professional spanking for her 21st birthday—and loved it. "The experience validated everything I had felt was different about myself. My need to be punished, my desires for punishment to stimulate me sexually, my dream of being an adult star to act out my fantasies, my whole life finally made sense to me."

Casey quit college (she was a chemistry major headed to med school) and got a job as a porn performer, with an emphasis on bondage roles. Sex became fun, and Casey became more relaxed as a person. She started developing more friendships and, most importantly, started walking around with a smile on her face. Her parents, both middle-class college professors, wanted to disapprove of her new career, but they just couldn't bring themselves to do it. Their daughter, who had forever seemed troubled, suddenly seemed so damned happy.

After her climb, I offhandedly mention that Casey looked like a giant, graceful spider scurrying across the rocks. She grins mischievously and asks if I'd like to accompany her back to her apartment so I can observe how limber and athletic she truly is. It turns out she's getting ready to star in a series of adult bondage films, a remake of the *Story of O*, and regularly practices with a professional

>>

"I'd listen to my friends talk about their crushes on boys and try not to think of my fantasies about teachers tying me up and punishing me."

bondage artist to make sure her body's ready for the role. Luckily for me, today's a rope-rehearsal day.

We head back to Casey's apartment, and I meet Ms. Nikki Nefarious, who—according to her business card—is also a bondage educator. For a fee, Nikki will "teach you too the dos and don'ts of tying up your loved one"—before you smack them around, of course. I watch Nikki efficiently tie Casey up with heavy rope worthy of mooring a sailboat, twisting Casey's body into pretzel-like contortions. Casey seems unfazed.

"How are you doing?" I ask.

"Just fine," Casey replies, as casual as if she were getting her nails done. Nikki pulls the ropes tighter and takes out a whip. She begins lashing Casey across the buttocks.

"How about now?" I inquire, although I'm already sure of her response.

"Oh, I'm great," Casey grins as she turns back to Nikki. "You can hit me much harder than that."

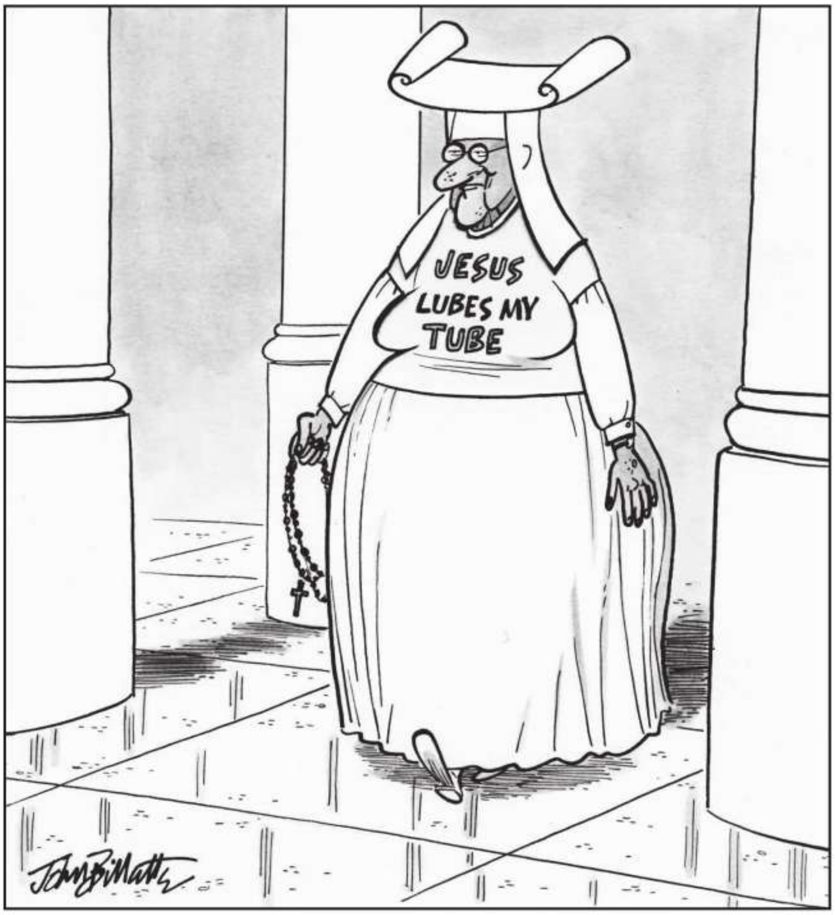
When Casey is done with her "rehearsal," I ask her where she imagines herself in ten years. The lady doesn't hesitate with her reply. Now that she's happy, her future seems clear.

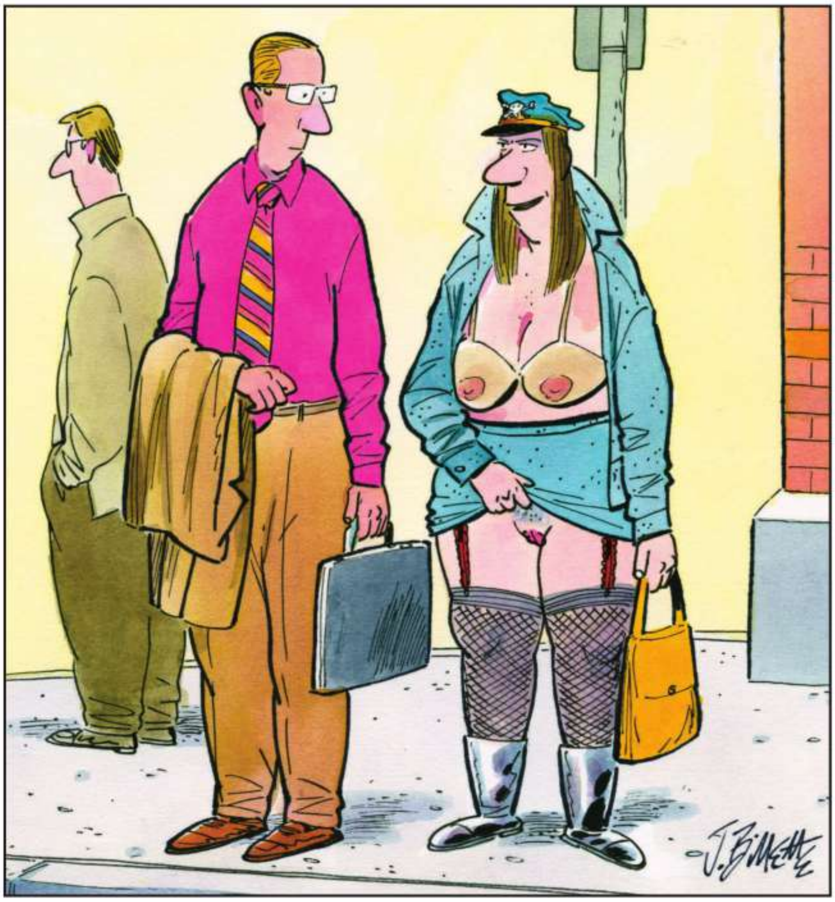
"I still love science," she tells me. "When I'm too old to do porn, I'm thinking I might go to med school."

"But what about bondage?" I inquire. "It's such an important part of your life."

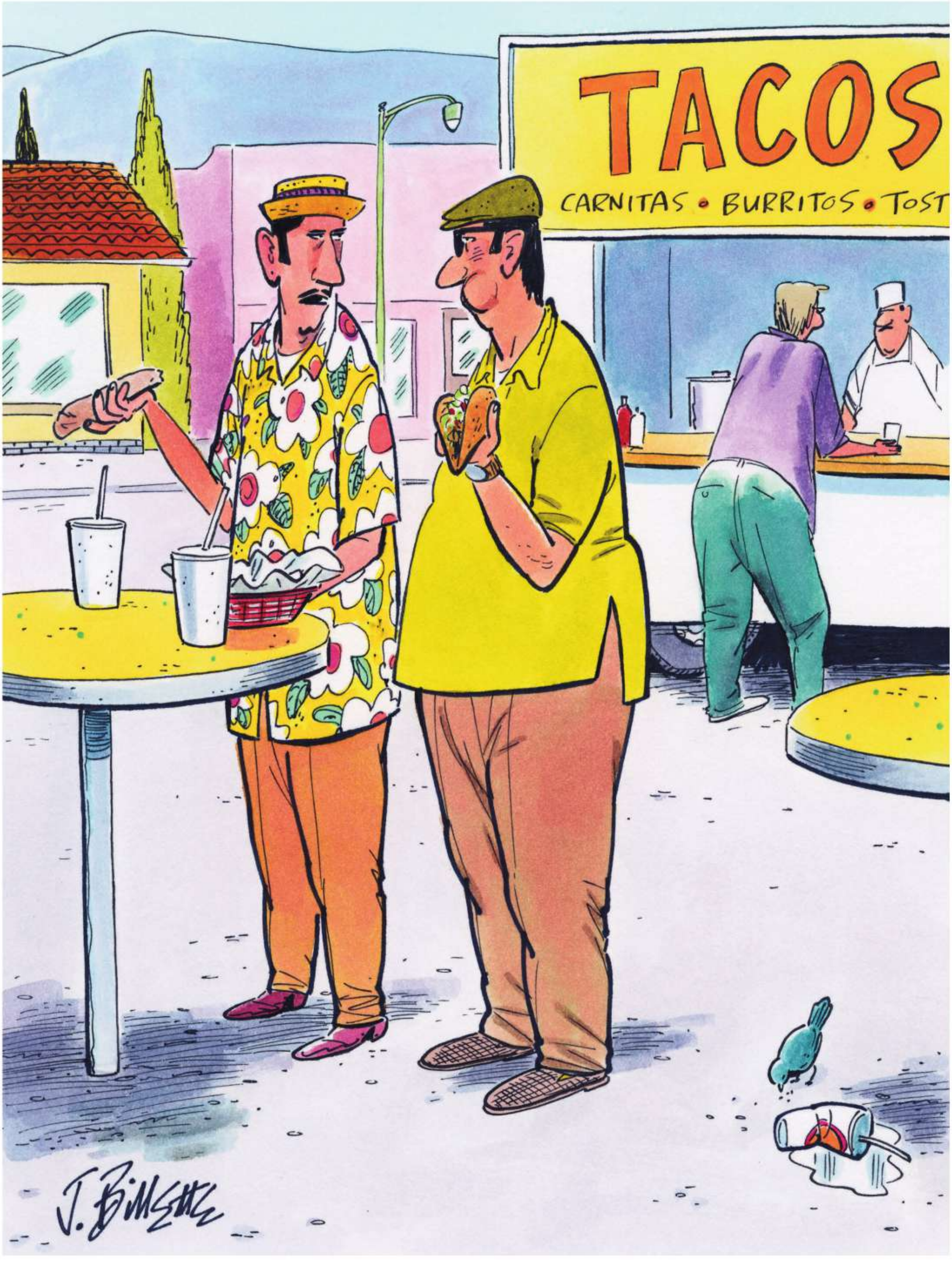
"Oh, that'll never change," Casey says. "If I get married, become a mom, a doctor, whatever, bondage and S&M will always be part of who I am. After all, I want to stay happy."

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.





"Dude, real men don't wear pink. They lick it!"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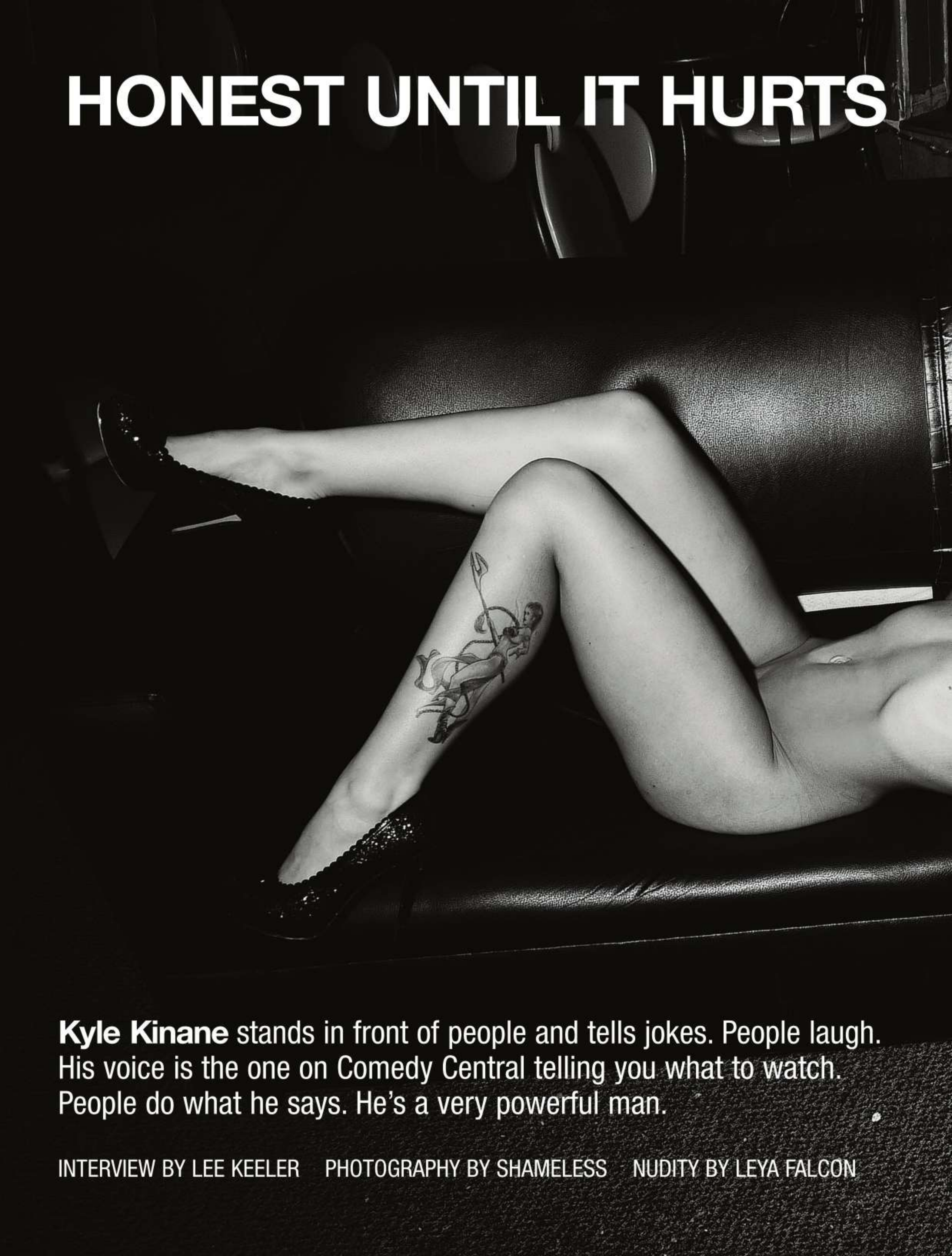
Proverbs
27:19
31:10-31

"Wake up, kick ass, repeat." **Amia**'s mantra shapes every day: hardcore workouts followed by hardcore sex. "If you're bored with life," she says, "you don't have enough goals." **Amia** recently attained her goal of swallowing 18 long inches of meat! (Don't believe us? Check it out yourself on YouTube.)

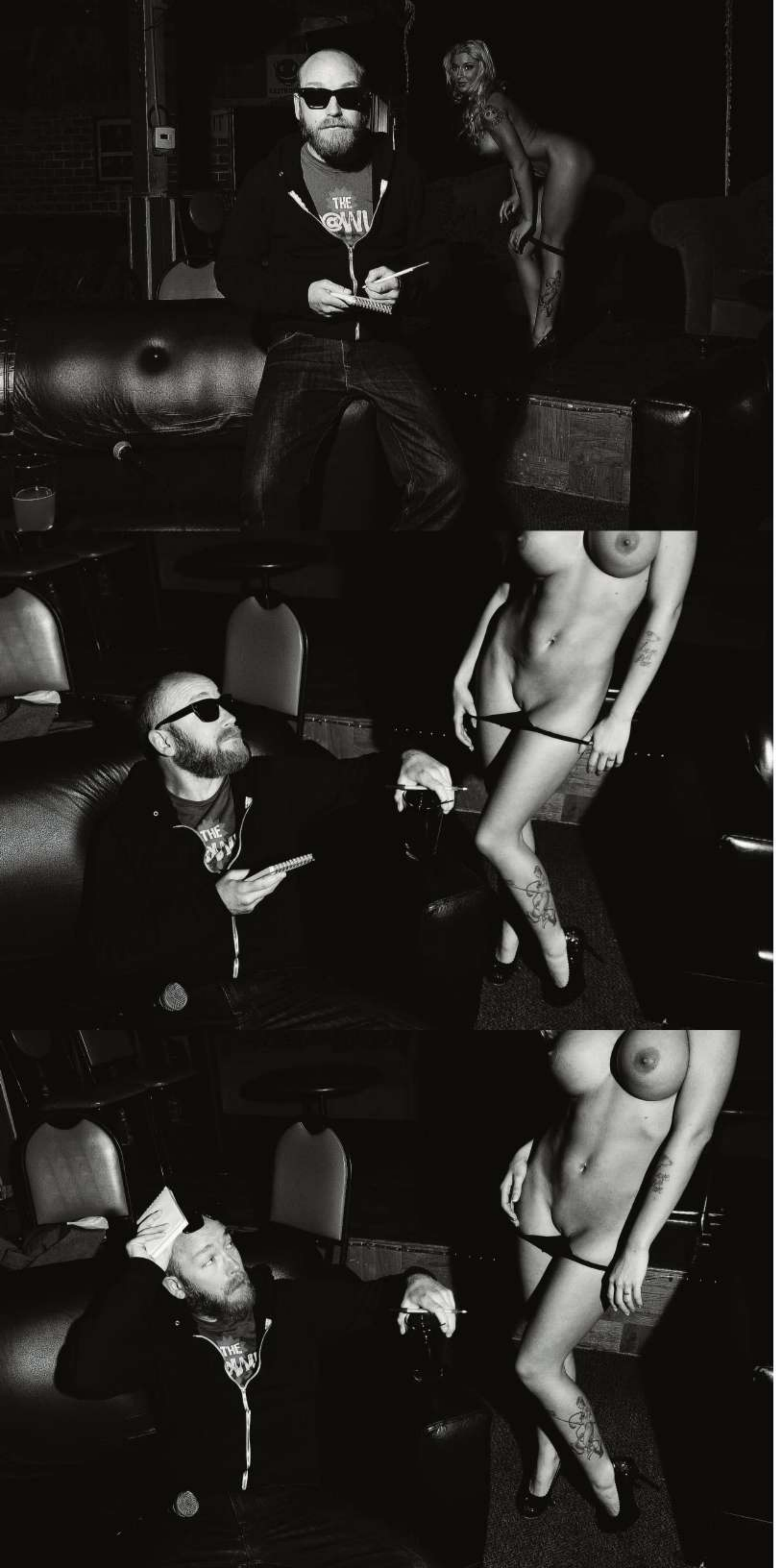
HONEST UNTIL IT HURTS



Kyle Kinane stands in front of people and tells jokes. People laugh. His voice is the one on Comedy Central telling you what to watch. People do what he says. He's a very powerful man.

INTERVIEW BY LEE KEELER PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHAMELESS NUDITY BY LEYA FALCON

THE



HUSTLER: Let's get to it. Road sex?

KYLE KINANE: I was never into alpha-male comedy. I never use it to get laid. If anything, I've used my comedy to show my inadequacies with my sexuality. I mean, I spent so long not getting laid. You can't suddenly turn around and just decide you're going to have sex all the time. I don't really have any active pursuit of sex. I've never used my work to, like, parlay that into getting vagina. That would be ridiculous. Most of my comedy is based on how poorly I perform at sex. I've gotten pretty good at eating pussy to make up for all the other stuff.

You have a bit in your comedy special *Whiskey Icarus* about not even being good at sex with yourself because you forget you're masturbating.

Oh, that's a total muscle memory thing. It's like a reflex, as if saying, "What's the least miserable or depressing thing I can do in my day....oh, this." I was actually in the shower doing it when I thought of a really funny joke about Head & Shoulders and started laughing. Then I realized what I was actually supposed to be doing.

You grew up in Chicago. Was HUSTLER part of that?

I remember my friend's dad had a bunch of issues stashed with his guns. But he had all these little booby traps set up to get at it, like a string hanging here, a wire there. So we had to have a technique for getting to the HUSTLERs, man. It was like some *CSI* stuff.

What about when you got older? Any actual, physical vaginas?

I lost my virginity to a stripper when I was 21. She came into the gas station where I was working and said she needed help finding a shoe place at 10 p.m. Which made no sense whatsoever. I was like, "Who wants to buy shoes at 10 p.m.?" I ended up letting her use the phone, and she told me to come to her work up the road to get a free lap dance. I went there after work; it was all pretty stupid. It ended up being the least "bro" moment on earth.

Ever done the deed somewhere weird?

I mean, the usual stuff. My parents got weird with me once because the seat was all the way back in my car. I couldn't believe they couldn't just put it together. I was like, "Figure it out." Clearly I was banging in my car. And I did it once in Hollywood Forever cemetery with this girlfriend. That was pretty awesome. It was after a comedy show I had there, so we just wandered off and did our thing in the dark. Doing it outside is wonderful.

Did you do it on the grave of anybody famous?

That would've been way cooler. It would've been hilarious if we could say we got it on at the grave of Johnny Ramone.

Sounds like you've had your share of adventure sex.

Well, I don't have to now. Now I have an actual home with comfortable places for sex like couches and a bed.

Are there any comedians you look up to?

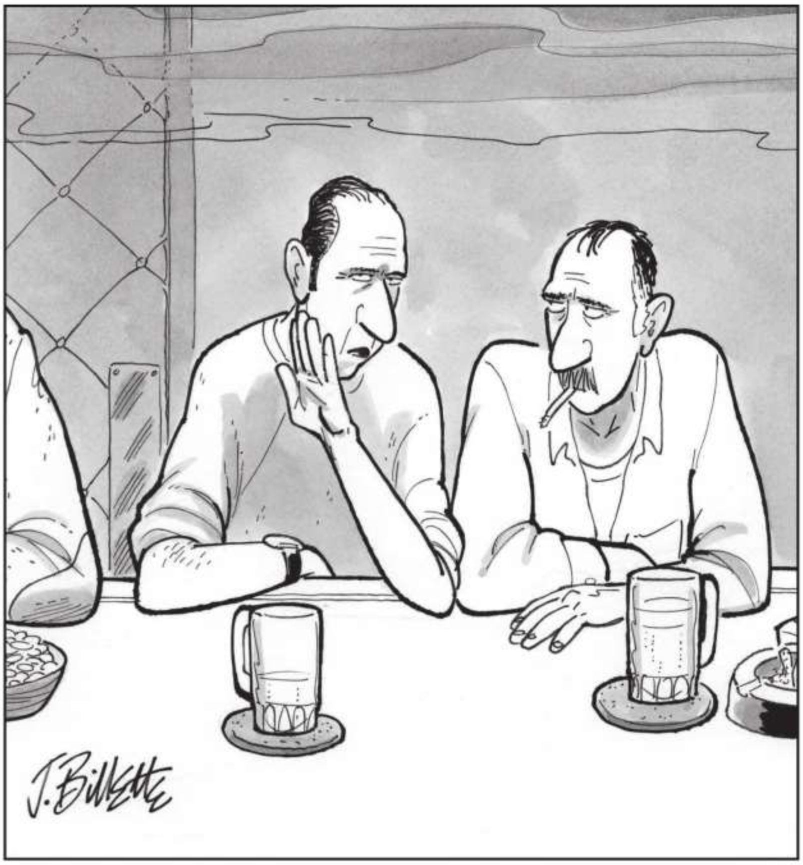
"I lost my virginity to a stripper when I was 21. She came into the gas station where I was working and said she needed help finding a shoe place at 10 p.m. Which made no sense whatsoever. I was like, 'Who wants to buy shoes at 10 p.m.?'"

Mick Betancourt is a really funny dude, but mostly just because of the real-life experiences he's had. He can tell a bit about being in a motel with a hooker in New Mexico, spanking her with a Bible... nobody can make this stuff up. I remember early on hearing Doug Stanhope do this bit about getting a blowjob from a tranny, and I realized, this is an actual thing that you can share. You can say this stuff if you're funny with it.

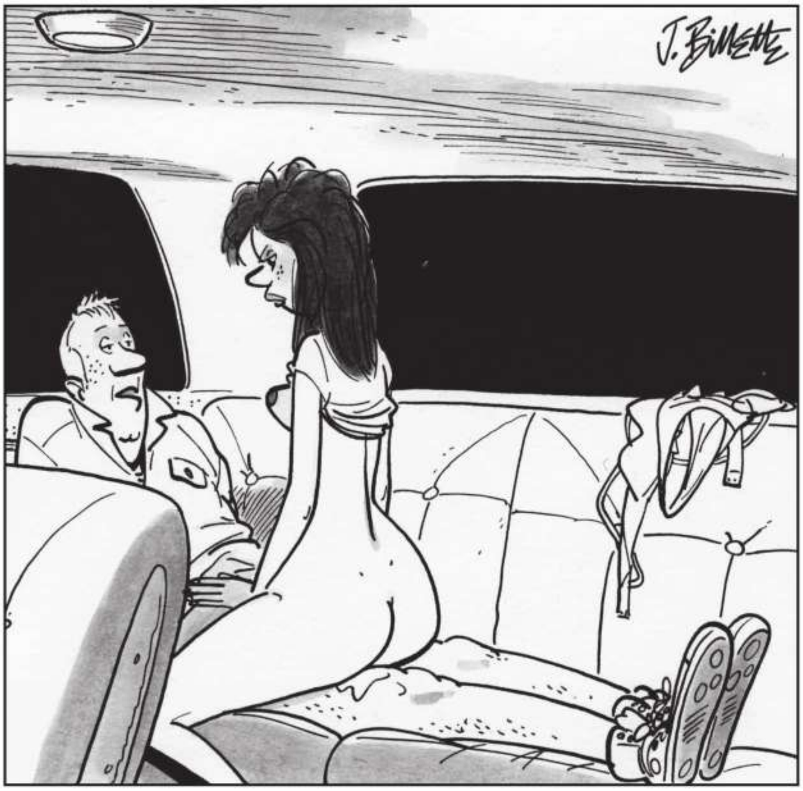
Once I knew that, I took it and told my virginity story that I wrote for this storytelling class in college. That class was six lesbians, two goth chicks and two Bukowskis. I was one of the Bukowskis.

Your material gets pretty personal. Does your family ever get upset?

Nah. My mom and I used to tell each other jokes when I was a kid. I've never really had any backlash. [*Referring to his bit in* Whiskey Icarus *about getting curious enough to stick Twizzlers in his ass.*] For



"Is this strange, Roy? Since my divorce I've been living alone for over a year now. But I still go into the john and lock the door when I spank the monkey."



"Debby, my parents will kill me if we get their new car all funky and messy! Better let me come down your throat!"

Christmas last year my mom gave me a three-foot Twizzler rope, and I just didn't put it together. She was like, "You know, from that joke." Sometimes I'm like, "Why can't you be more religious and conservative?"

You have a sketchy story about the X Spot in Hollywood, the porn shop right under where they used to have a giant ceramic hotdog.

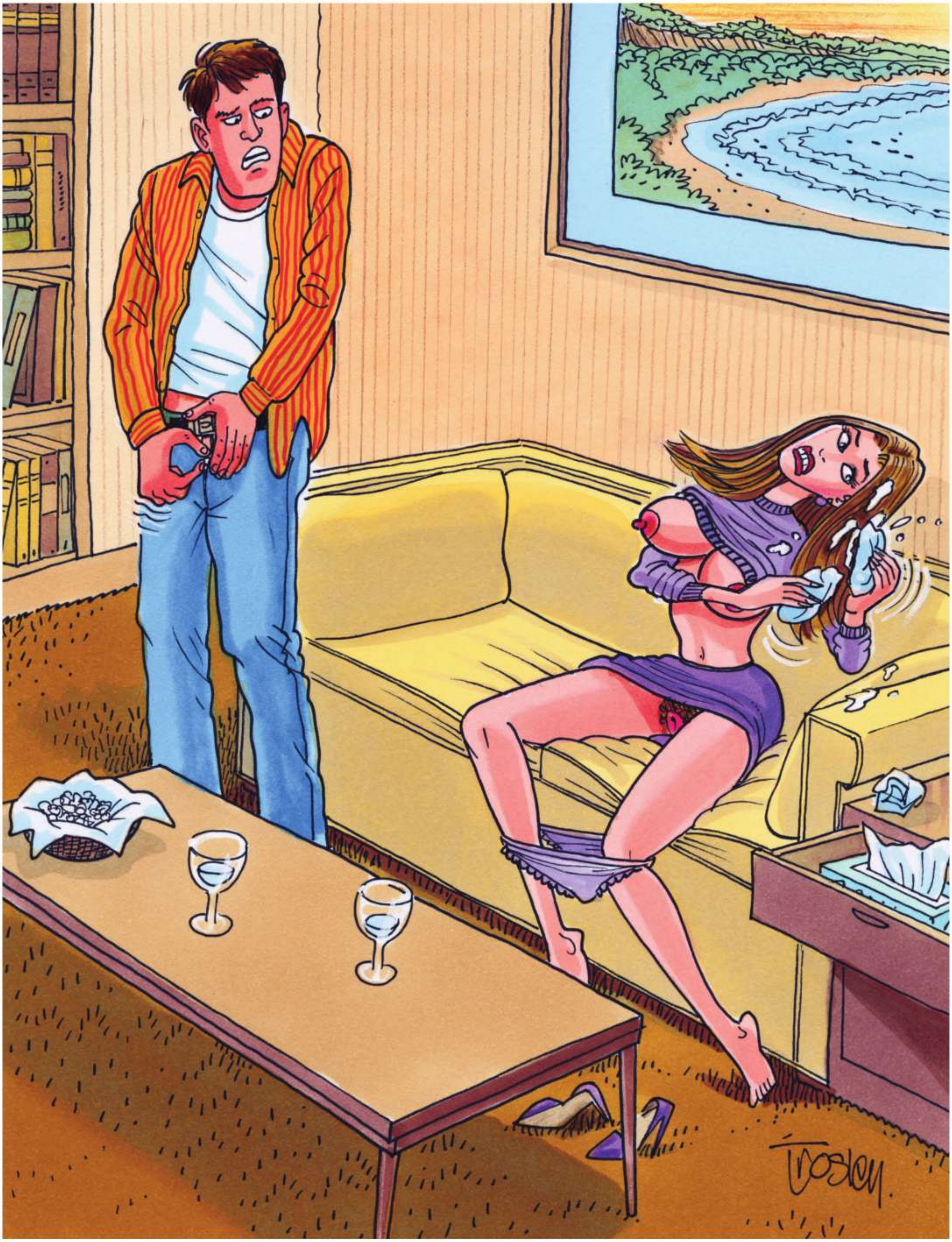
Oh shit, I miss that hotdog! I had just moved to L.A., so I didn't have Internet or my cable set up yet. But the shop was just there, right by where I lived, so I thought, *All right, I'll head over.* You know, they got the video rentals in the front and the spank banks in the back. I had to be buzzed in.

They have this camera, which is amazing. Because when I got inside, there was this homeless guy bleeding from his leg. Which means that they buzzed in the guy while he was bleeding from his leg like that. And he was standing there at the counter begging to have them Windex the open wound on his leg. That was his incredible level of healthcare: Windex for his injuries.

Any advice about getting laughs?

I think it's about honesty. As long as you can tell the story honestly, that's what matters.

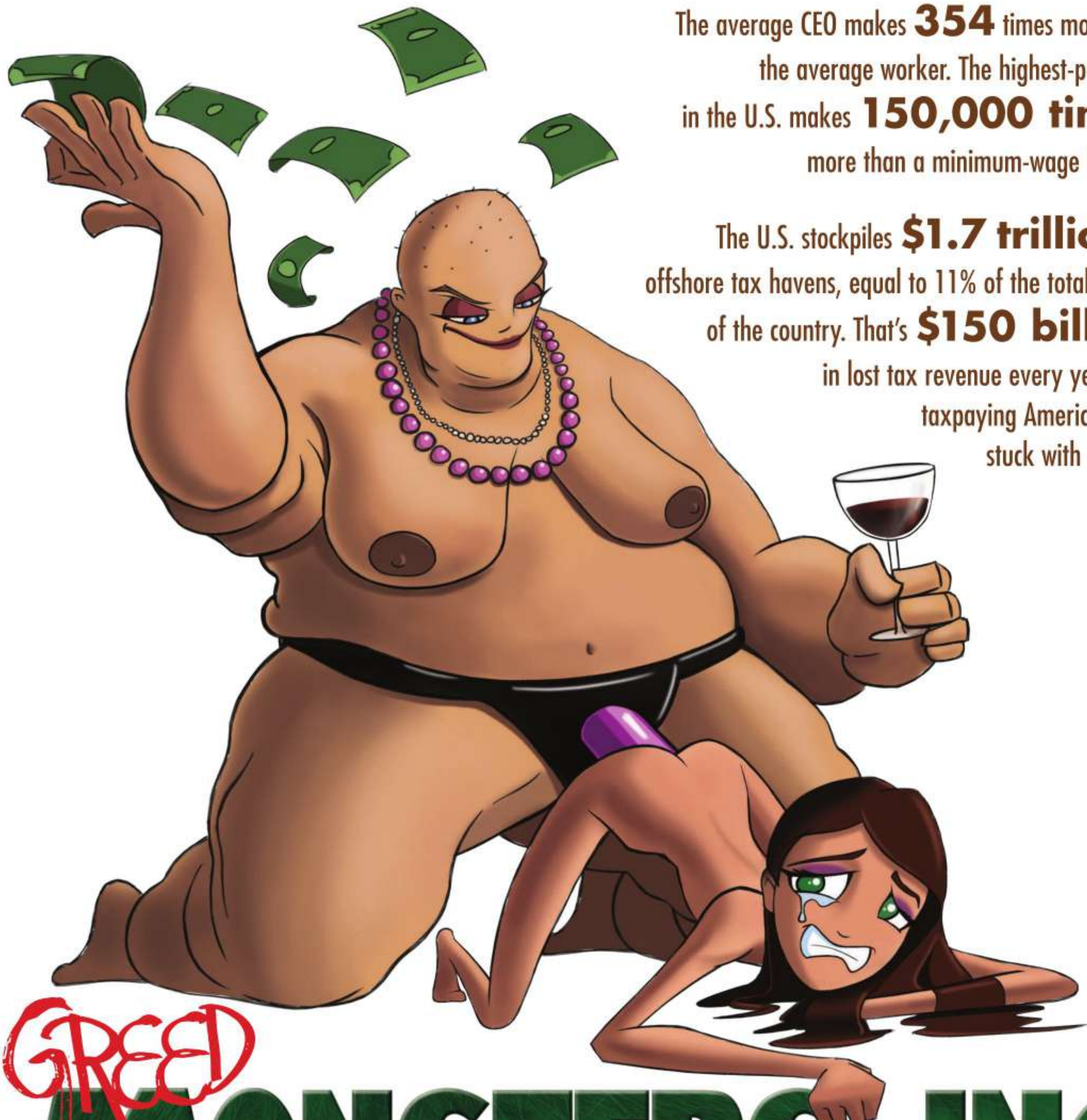
Lee Keeler is a writer for comedy mag *The Devastator* and produces The Green Gravel Comedy Fest in Toledo, Iowa. Twitter: @LeeKeeler.



“Hey, I don’t like coming in your hair either, but didn’t you hear me yelling, ‘Swallow it, bitch, swallow it’?!”

The average CEO makes **354** times more than the average worker. The highest-paid CEO in the U.S. makes **150,000 times** more than a minimum-wage laborer.

The U.S. stockpiles **$1.7 trillion** in offshore tax havens, equal to 11% of the total wealth of the country. That's **$150 billion** in lost tax revenue every year, and taxpaying Americans are stuck with the bill.



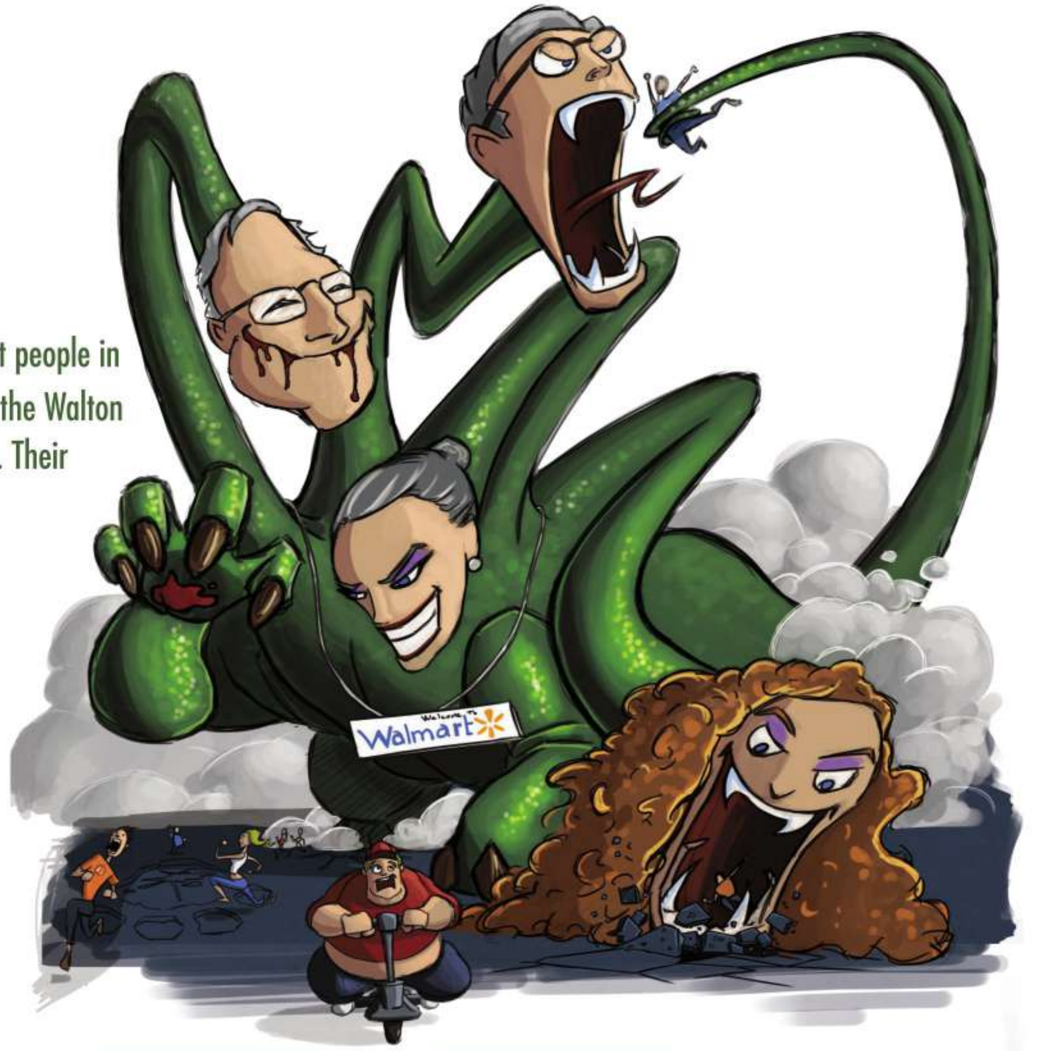
GREED MONSTERS, INC.

By now just about everybody knows that 1% of the population controls most of America's cash and assets. Some says it's a crime, others say it's just capitalism. But the reality is, this country's wealth gap is more extreme than people realize and it's killing our economy. The superrich aren't pumping their money back into business and growth. They're hoarding it—and sucking us dry. Consider these seriously lopsided numbers.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NICHOLAS GEORGIOU

Four of the 20 richest people in the world are members of the Walton family, owners of Walmart. Their combined wealth is nearly **$140 billion**.

The average wealth of a Walmart customer is **$41,847**.


Welcome
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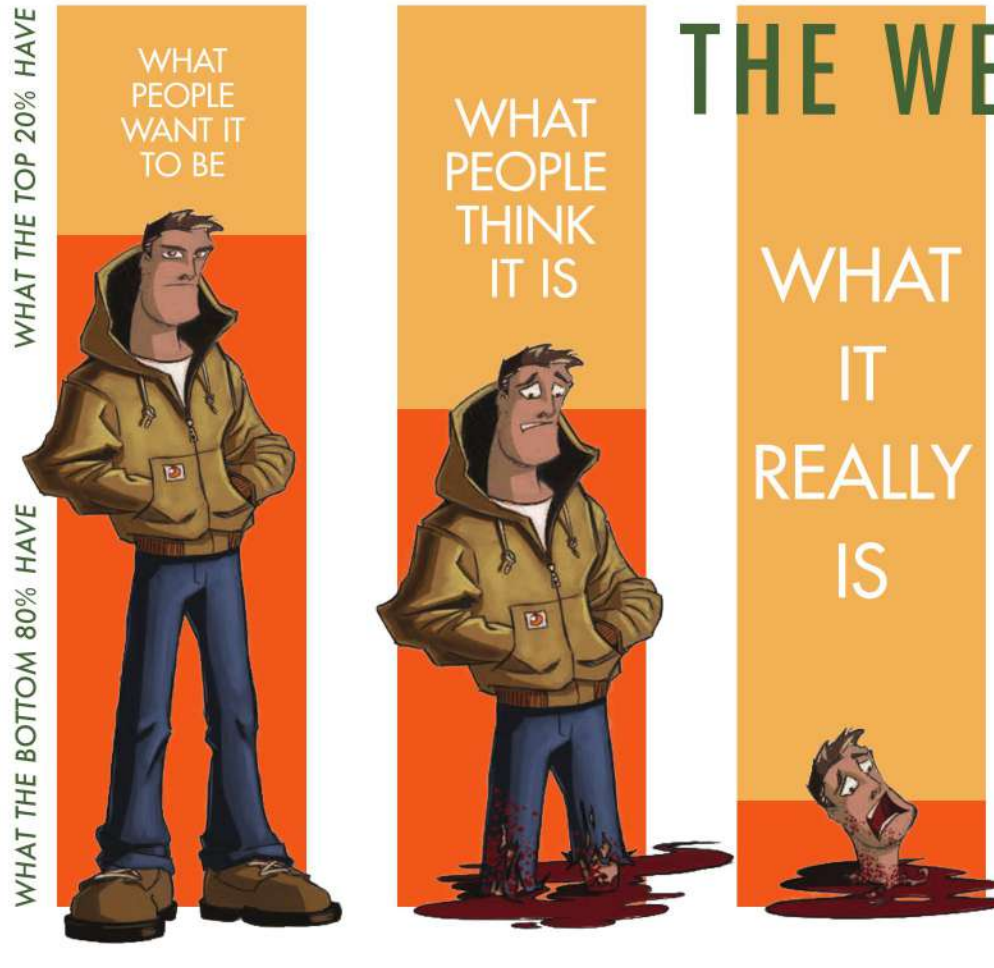
THE WEALTH GAP


WHAT THE TOP 20% HAVE
WHAT THE BOTTOM 80% HAVE
WHAT PEOPLE WANT IT TO BE
WHAT PEOPLE THINK IT IS
WHAT IT REALLY IS

The top one-hundredth of 1% make an average of **$27 million** a year. Average income for the bottom 90% is $31,244.

40% of all workers make **less than** what they would would have earned **in 1968** when the minimum wage for a full-time worker was the equivalent of $21,240 a year.

AVA TAYLOR

KICKIN' IT

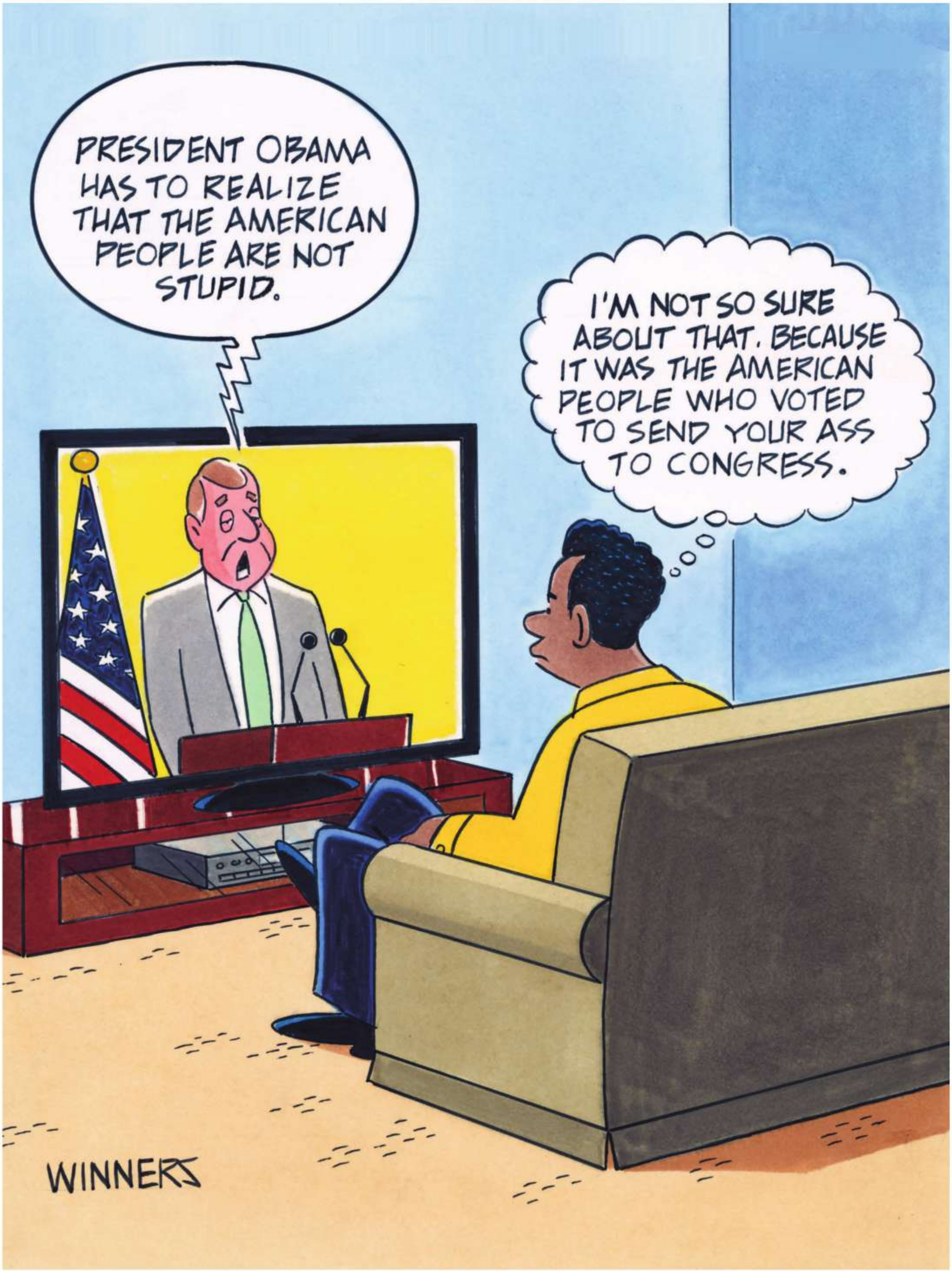
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Compared to

I need to have sex on a balcony at some point in my life or I will die ill-fulfilled," declares 18-year-old **Ava**. "So far I've done it in Mom's minivan in a graveyard and while driving. Kinda dangerous." She smiles. "But life is my passion, dammit, and I'm gonna live it 100%."

AVA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Oswego, Illinois** | AGE: **18** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **32-24-32** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Face Down, Ass Up**
INSTAGRAM: **@AvaTaylorXXX**


PRESIDENT OBAMA HAS TO REALIZE THAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE NOT STUPID.
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LENA LOVE

ANTICIPATION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATTI KLATT

To me the perfect date is one long tease—touching, kissing, slowly stripping—till I'm so crazy hot, I need you in me right fucking now! Do me like that, and I'll squirt every single time. Promise."

LENA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Ostrov, Czech Republic** | AGE: **31**
HEIGHT: **5-6** | MEASUREMENTS: **36-24-36**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary First, Then Everything Else**

Tease me!
xoxo,
Lena

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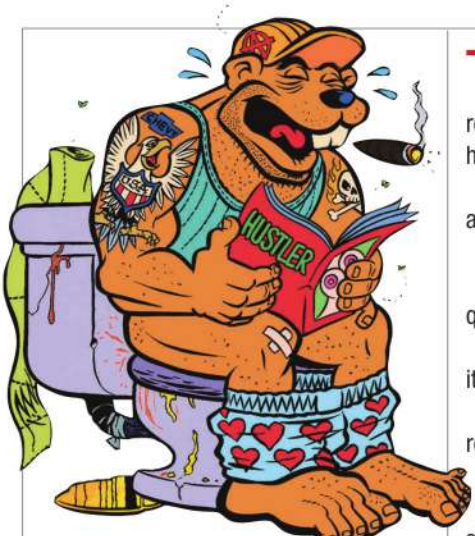


My missus packed my bags last night, and as I walked out the door, she screamed, "I wish you a slow and painful death, you bastard!"

"Oh," I responded, "so now you want me to stay?"

Harold complained to a friend that his dick was too big. "Women won't go near the damn thing. It's 21 inches long!"

"Well," said the friend, "if you believe in voodoo, there's an old legend that might help." He instructed his buddy to find a bullfrog and propose to it. Every time the bullfrog said no, three inches would disappear from Harold's penis.

Immediately Harold set out for the swamp and located a croaker. "Will you marry me?" he asked.

"No!" came the reply, and three inches vanished from Harold's penis.

Harold repeated this routine two more times with the same results. Now down to 12 inches, he thought to himself, *One more time, and I will have the perfect nine-inch cock.* So again he asked, "Will you marry me?"

The bullfrog scowled, "How many times I gotta tell ya? No! No! No! No!"

Question: How is being in the military like a blowjob?

Answer: The closer you get to discharge, the better you feel.

During a vicious quarrel Mary shouted at Fred, "You know, I was a fool when I married you."

Fred replied, "Yes, dear, but I was so in love with you, I didn't notice."

Two executives requiring a new secretary called in the firm's recruiter. After screening 30 applicants, he eliminated all but three women.

For the final test the first candidate was asked, "How much is three and three?"

"Six," she replied.

The second was asked the same question and answered, "It could be 33."

The third stated, "It could be six, and it could be 33."

When the applicants left the room, the recruiter turned proudly to the execs and said, "Note that the first woman had the obvious answer, the second showed more imagination, and the third showed both practicality and imagination. Now which will you hire?"

The two executives conferred briefly and announced their decision: "We'll take the blonde in the tight sweater."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *eternity* as the time between you coming and her leaving.

There is nothing worse, after a night of heavy drinking, than waking up next to someone and not being able to remember their fucking name or how you met or why they're dead.

Question: What should you do if your girlfriend starts smoking?

Answer: Slow down and use more lube.

A young man dashed into a bar and demanded, "Give me 13 margaritas! Quick!"

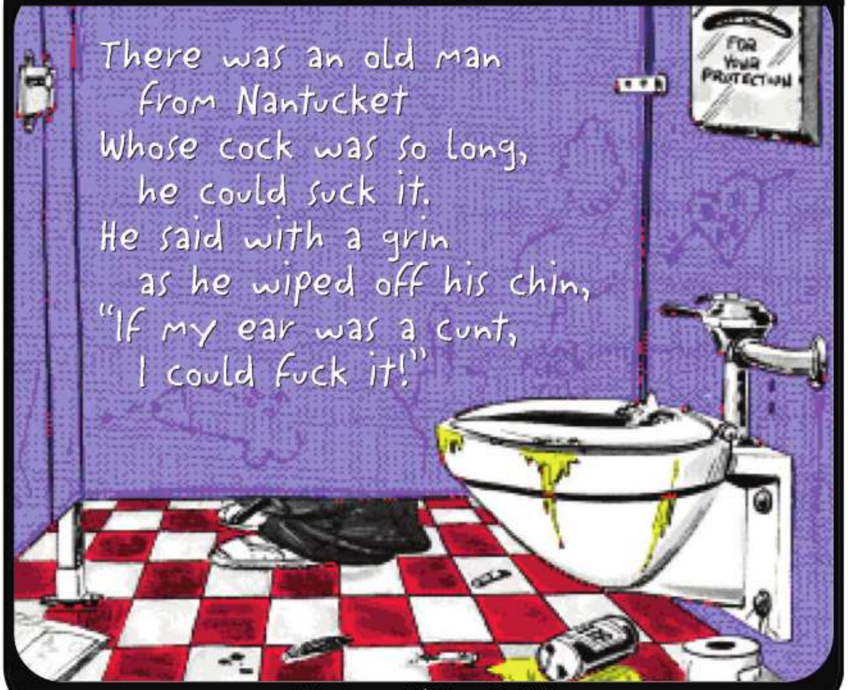
"Wow, that's quite an order!" the bartender exclaimed. "What's the big occasion?"

"My first blowjob."

"Definitely reason to celebrate," the barkeep said with a smile. "I still remember mine. So how about one more on the house?"

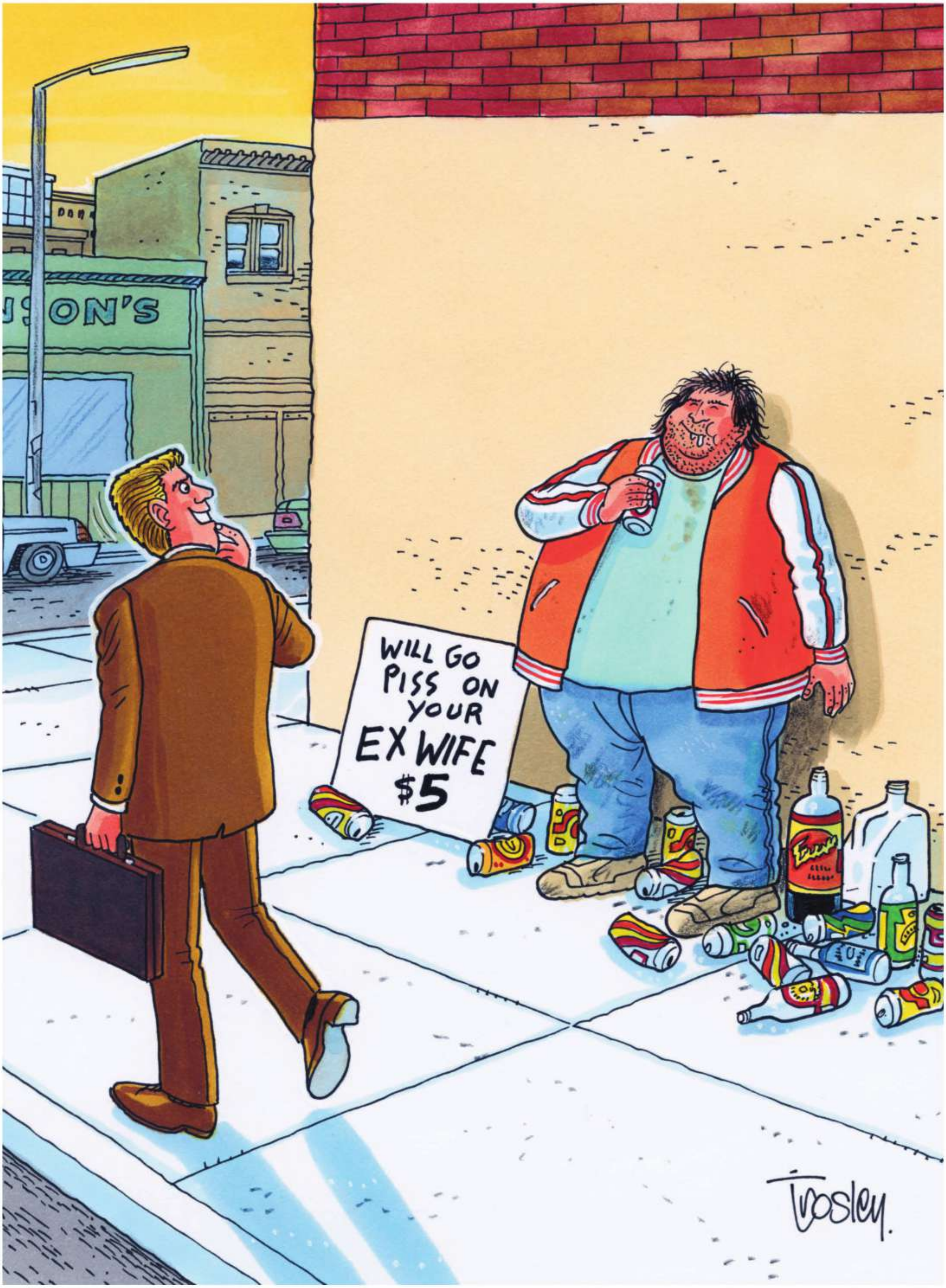
"No, thanks," the young man muttered. "If 13 don't get the taste out of my mouth, nothing will."

GRAFFILTHY


There was an old man
from Nantucket
Whose cock was so long,
he could suck it.
He said with a grin
as he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear was a cunt,
I could fuck it!"
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Thanks and $50 go to J.H.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $25. Sorry, we cannot return submissions.


ON'S
WILL GO PISS ON YOUR EX WIFE $5
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Below the Rust Belt

Notes of an Undercover Stripper

Ever wonder why that lap dancer grinding against your beer gut looks like she's about to puke? Our reporter secretly worked a pole in one of the god-forsaken corners of our great land in search of an answer. During brief fits of sobriety, she managed to eke out this ode to heartland sleaze.

BY FAWN PETERSON

DIRTY
LU
FRESH HAND

You've seen me before, but you can't figure out where the hell you know me from.

My blue eyes eerily peer at you over my menu at a local saloon. You notice me. You nervously twitch and start to sweat. Why are you so scared? Where do you know this girl from? you think to yourself. Then it hits you: It's that crazed stripper Fawn, the one with the insatiable thirst for pinot grigio! You fall to the floor and roll into a pathetic ball. Your bald head is perspiring, and I'm laughing in the corner. Next thing you know, you are being carried off into a lucid daydream, fantasizing about the strip club, the debauchery and the excess.

This is Buffalo, below the Rust Belt.

Cunterbury tales in the Queen City

Street lamps distort the indiscretions of the night. You are standing on a street corner in the dark. It's summertime, quiet and vacant. Yet... bass notes thump from an unassuming brick building. Pushing open the glass door, you're captured by a curtain of noxious cigarette smoke. The inside resembles Grandpa's living room. Armchairs and ashtrays. In striking juxtaposition a stripper pole juts to the ceiling.

Beaded curtains hang in the distance. Before them stands a shrimpy stoner in a *Sons of Anarchy* T-shirt. He beckons you forward. Dallas pops out, baring her teeth, barreling toward you in her signature methed-out power walk. She barks obscenities at all who dare to cross her. Lit Newport sticking straight out of her mouth, she propels herself forward in Marilyn Manson's discarded platforms as "Down With the Sickness" blares.

I know what lies beneath the cigar smoke and jizz-speckled mirrors, the techno-music fantasy and the real-world hangover. The coconut-body-spray wishes and cocaine-stained dreams. You've seen me before. But now I stare at you from across this smoky tableau.

I am hanging inverted on a 15-foot pole. I'm looking at you upside-down like a possum. Weird, I know. When I unhook my black bra and let it flutter to the stage, I notice you staring at me. I crawl over to you on all fours, rub my tits in your face, breathe in your ear and lick your neck. "You smell like pine needles," I purr.

That's when you realize your dick is hard. That's when my mind drifts away. >>

THEEROTICREVIEW.CO
HU LER
WHY WEED MUST BE LEGAL
XXX LEGEND

Special Lady

And the cock strikes midnight

In the dressing room I spot a pair of tattooed legs (*betrayal* on one calf, *love* on the other) and a bare ass protruding from under the vanity. Chastity is lying sideways and completely naked. Her head is in a trashcan. "Chastity!" I scream. I crouch down beside her, listen to her heartbeat and stick my face into hers. "Are you okay, Chastity? Do you need CPR?"

"BLUEEEUUGGhhhh," she answers as a triumphant stream of champagne and Absolut comes spewing out of her mouth.

"Fawn! Get out here," JC the DJ hollers. I see his ponytailed mane sweep out of the doorway with a flourish. I go out and plop myself on the lap of a blundering, bamboozled buffoon.

"Hi, I'm Fawn, like the deer," I say, petting this guy's raggedy, moth-eaten sweater. His cologne could be called L'Eau du Piss. My friend Christy the shot girl, who happens to be a very charismatic ex-porn star of national acclaim, sits on his other knee, seductively selling test tubes of bottom-shelf swill.

"Can I have one of these?" I ask, already plucking a beer from the buffoon's bucket of ice and taking a swig.

"No, you can't," he says flatly. I stare at him, speechless, my mouth still around the bottleneck. I say, "Oh yeah, whatever, goofy!" and break into laughter. His face is stone cold and serious. I run off, flustered and tipsy.

Hours go by. The clock ticks; it's all dicks and tits. An opiated oddball whips out his penis in the back room. Eyes rolling around in his skull, swilling a goblet of merlot, he slurs, "I thought you were going to see *Wizard of Oz* with me." He yanks down the front of his khakis and sinks down in his chair like a deflated blowup doll. "I'm out of here, dude." And I stumble out of there, retreating into the dressing room once again.

Leaning melodramatically on the vanity ledge, I mist myself with Amber Seduction body spray.

"Hey, do you party? I have some if you do." A voice from behind me—the devil on my shoulder. A white baggie is burrowed deep inside my purse. How did it get there? I don't know. *Too late now*, I think. What's done is done. I lock myself inside a bathroom stall, roll up a dirty, diseased dollar and line up the coke. My neon-pink 7-inch heels tap tap tap on the tile floor as I lose control of my senses.

Nude awakening

"FAWN!" It's the hideous, bowlegged bouncer, Mike. He yanks me from my reverie as I sit talking to a customer at the bar. Mike hates me, for whatever reason. He demands that I follow him to the back office, where he corners me. I stare over his shoulder at an ancient Polaroid of three pregnant strippers with a scrawled Post-it attached. It says, "Don't Sleep With Customers."

"So you stole a customer's beer, huh?"

He's very upset, stuttering like a motherfucker. "The customer says you-you-you are a thief."

"I apologized! It was an accident!" I retort.

"No. That is theft. Theft, Fawn."

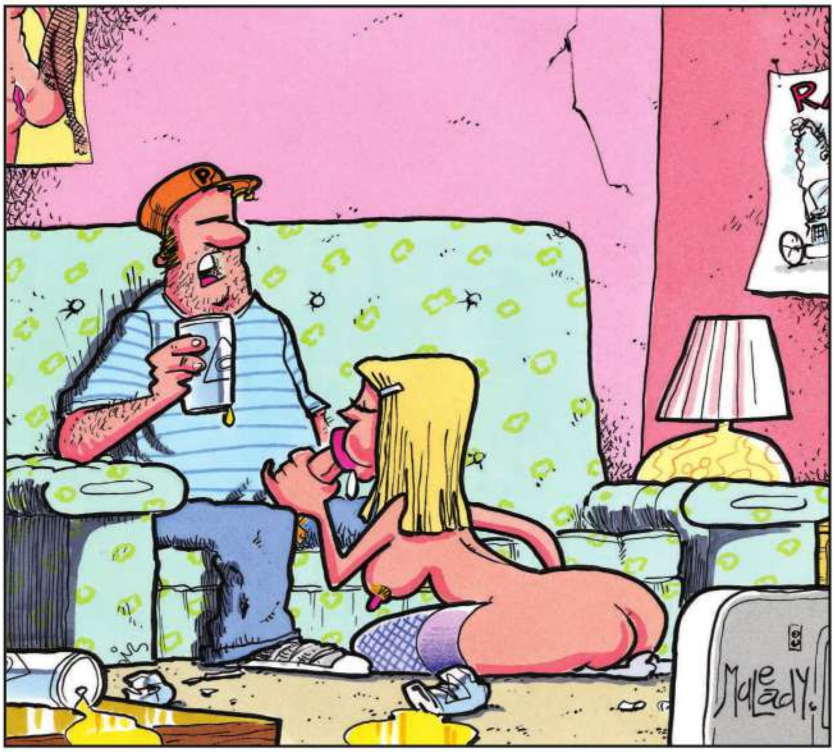
I see goddamn Strawberry glowering at me from her shadowy corner. You are likely to never meet someone with more problems than Strawberry. A 22-year-old mother of three (although one child mysteriously died), Strawberry now pops unprescribed Lortabs (which Mike hides in a safe for her in case the cops search the place). By the way, Strawberry is visibly pregnant (and got that way by fucking a customer). If you look up *strawberry* at Urbandictionary.com, it reads, "a girl sellin' pussy for crack to the dope man." I see her take a prescription bottle from the table and leave the back office.

"So I'm going to fire you," Mike says, sincerely and decisively.

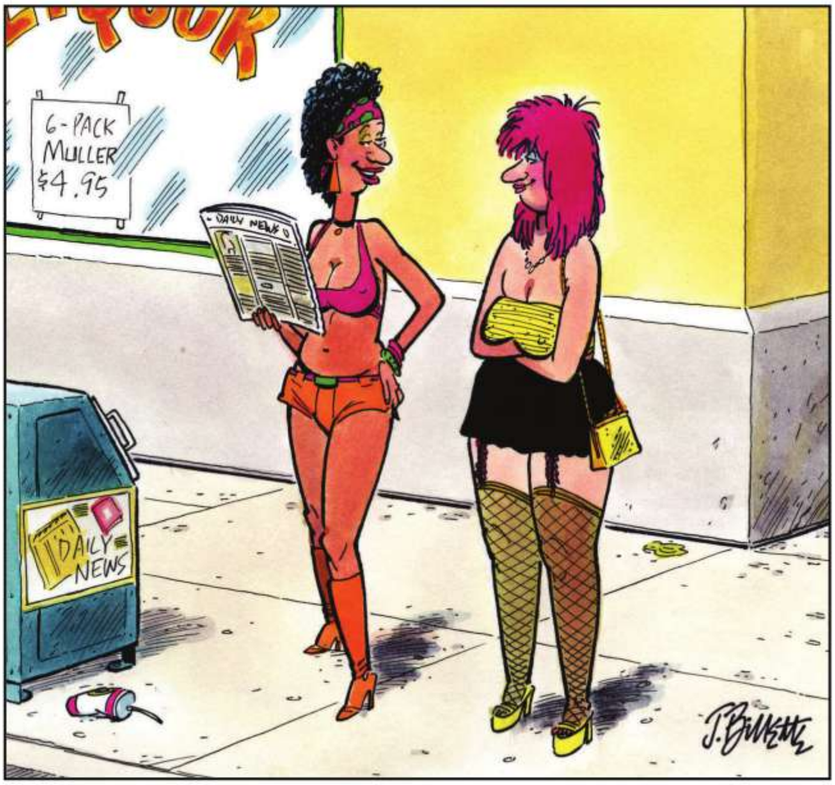
I stare, dumbfounded, drunk and discombobulated. I am suddenly sobering up and coming to my senses. Fired? But why? Over a Bud Light? Shit. What about all the strippers turning tricks and doing drugs? I'm practically the Taylor Swift of this goddamn strip club.

I am kicked out into the cold, dark night. Standing with hot-pink heels in one hand and a Betsey Johnson duffel bag full of thongs in the other, I await the arrival of my neighbor in his dilapidated truck. It's back into the real world for me, back to the eventual remembrance of what has occurred tonight. >>

> "The clock ticks; it's all dicks and tits. An opiated oddball whips out his penis in the back room. Eyes rolling around in his skull, swilling a goblet of merlot, he slurs, 'I thought you were going to see Wizard of Oz with me.' He yanks down the front of his khakis and sinks down in his chair like a deflated blowup doll. 'I'm out of here, dude.'"



"Life is full of tough choices. I need a beer, but I don't want you to stop sucking my dick. What to do? What to do?"



"Hell, girl, we should be getting the big tax breaks! We're the blow-*job* creators!"

> Sophie has been discovered with a bald, trashy customer going down on her in a minivan outside. 'So is she fired then?' I chime in, sipping pinot grigio. 'Too bad.'

Happy endings for all

Like most strange addictions, I just can't stay away. I decide to go try my luck at the "higher-end gentleman's club" on the other side of town. It's my first day, and today Sophie has gone missing.

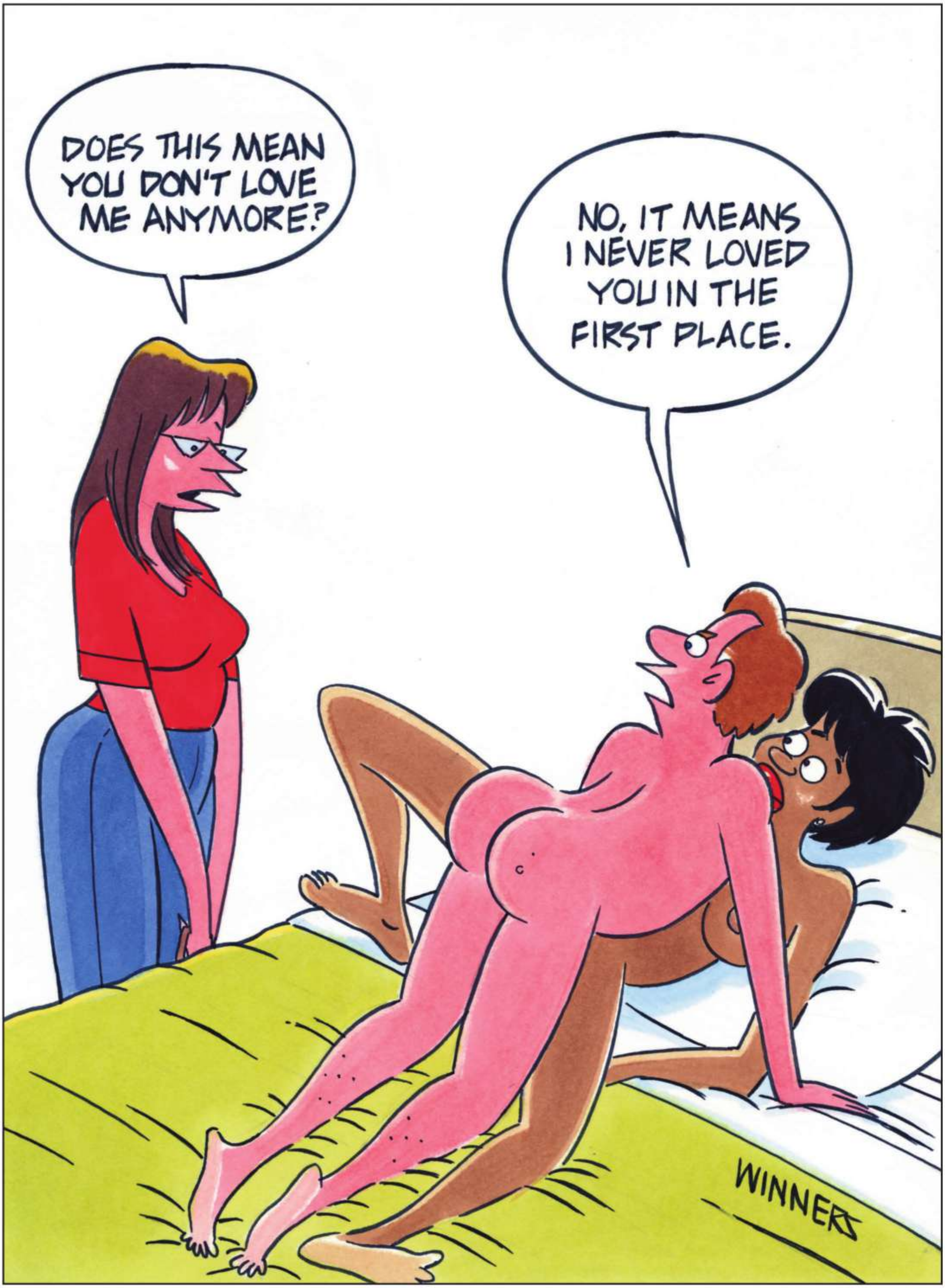
"Where the fuck is Sophie?" the manager Chris booms, perplexed. Who could misplace Sophie? With her gnarled teeth, mousy hair and penchant for rocking a bathrobe, Sophie sticks out like a bucked-tooth hillbilly on *America's Next Top Model*. "You have got to be fucking kidding me," the bartender Kim says, shaking her head of silky, flaxen hair.

"This is not funny!" Chris shouts. Sophie has been discovered with a bald, trashy customer going down on her in a minivan outside. "So is she fired then?" I chime in, sipping pinot grigio. "Too bad."

A neon sign sporadically blinks between the slurred mumbles of strippers and customers. The air carries the aroma of weathered pussy. Ice clinks in glasses; vinyl bar stools twist and turn. Men come in and out all night. And here I sit, gnawing on a straw, contemplating the purpose of this confession. This is just a day in the life.

What am I learning?

I'm onstage again. Running my hands down my body, I undo the elastic ties of my thong. I bend over and pull it down slowly. H


DOES THIS MEAN YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANYMORE?
NO, IT MEANS I NEVER LOVED YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE.
WINNERS

BUSTY BEAUTIES: BOATS 'N' HOS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: SUMMER BRIELLE, ALEXIS GRACE, BRIDGETTE B., ALEX CHANCE, ANTHONY ROSANO, NICK MANNING, MARCO BANDERAS & EVAN STONE.

Is this a porn spoof of *Captain Phillips*? No, and it's not the long-rumored hardcore outtake from *Gilligan's Island* either. (Tina Louise will take that to her grave.) It's a bunch of hos doing ho-like things on boats. Sounds hazardous, but all the girls are equipped with an amazing pair of flotation devices. A whole crew of survivors could ride on Bridgette B.'s DDDs for days. Does anyone go overboard? Not literally, but there's enough howling, moaning and "Oh shit, oh fuck" to scare a whale off its migration route. If there's still a doubt in your mind about whether pirate is a legitimate career, consider this: The jawdropper called Summer Brielle could be on the next boat you board. Who's the captain now? You are, so claim your booty at **HustlerStore.com** or call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675. ***—M.J.***

BRIDGETTE B.

ALEXIS GRACE

SUMMER BRIELLE

ALEX CHANCE

INTERNAL DAMNATION #7

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: CHRIS STREAMS. STARRING: SUMMER BRIELLE, NIKKI DELANO, ALEKSA NICOLE, ROMI RAIN, AJ APPLEGATE, RAMON NOMAR, ERIK EVERHARD, MANUEL FERRARA & TONI RIBAS.

Why did it take so long to catch up with this great series? We like lucky 7; it's the number of truth and revelation. Take, for instance, AJ Applegate's creamy double-penetration scene. Can't fake that. Well, you could, but who has the budget for CGI money shots? Who should I jerk it to first? AJ goes the extra hole, and Aleksa Nicole gets her shitpipe lubed with the sauce of romance, but we drained our sacs on ginormous-titted blonde Summer Brielle. Put her picture in your phone so you can tell people she's the mom who breast-fed you. Is this movie safe for good Christians? If seeing splooge land on faces and other wrong places offends thine eyes, worry not. These harlots get pumped full of it the way God intended. Sure, some seed gets spilled, but most of it gets lapped up again. Watch for the sequel, *Porn Star Paternity Test*. Now that's damnation! **—M.J.**

AJ APPLEGATE

ALEKSA NICOLE

ALEKSA NICOLE

NIKKI DELANO

SUMMER BRIELLE

ROMI RAIN

ALEKSA NICOLE

DIANA DOLL

BEAVER HUNT #7

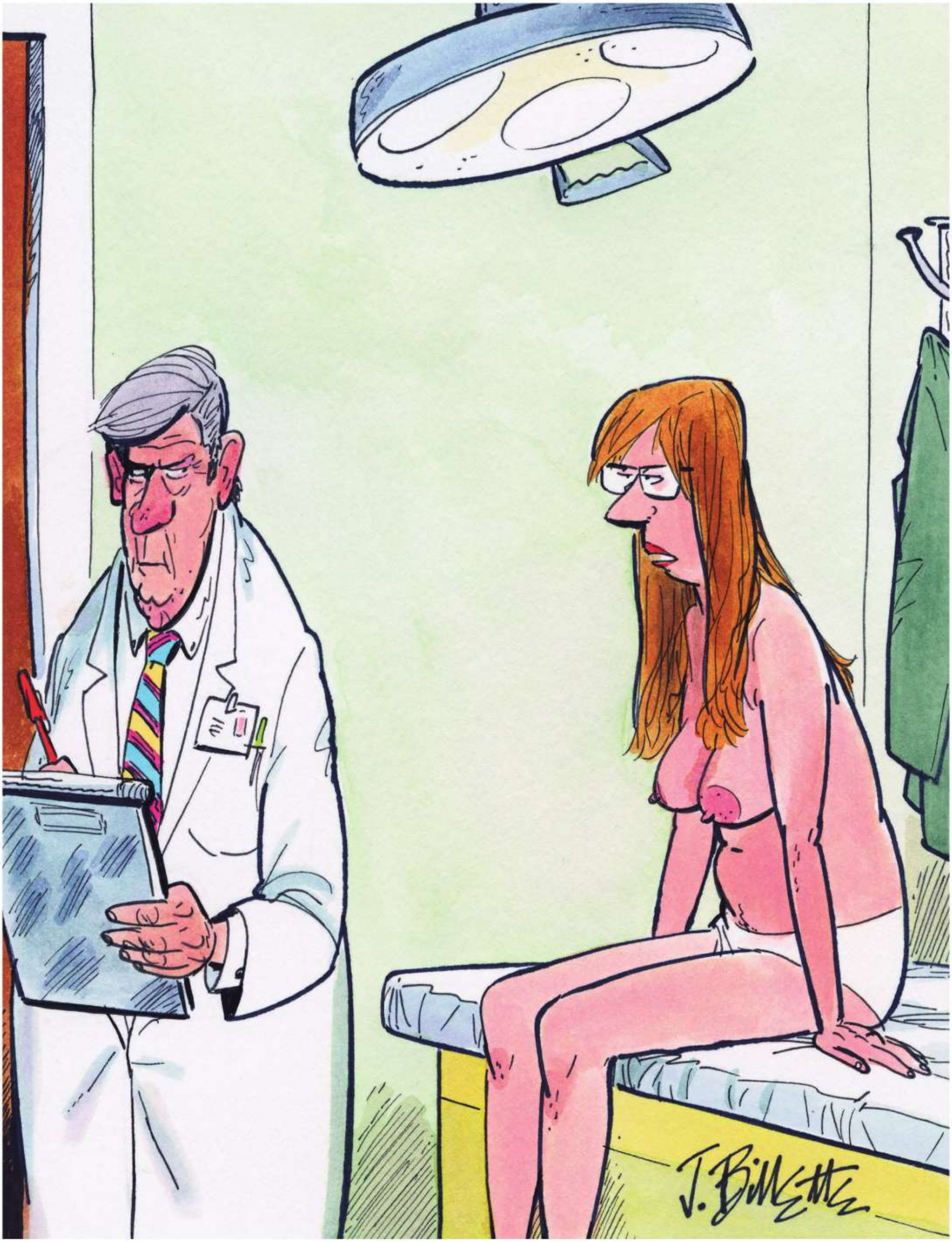
HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: SAMANTHA SAINT, ALEKSA NICOLE, DANNI COLE, DIANA DOLL, VICTORIA LAWSON, ALAN STAFFORD, BILL BAILEY, ROCCO REED, RYAN DRILLER & JOEY BRASS.

Lucky number 7 again? Hell yeah, because dicksucking dollface Samantha Saint beats a $5 scratcher any day. Wait a second, these look like pros. Where are the amateur Beavs? They're on pages 98-105. You think we'd blow our video budget on girls until we know they can fuck? In other words, send in your videos, ladies! For now we'll bang these pro Beavers. Is that Sandra Bullock with a cock in her? No, it's her hardcore lookalike Aleksa Nicole. Reason enough to make *Gravity XXX*. Imagine all those cum globs floating around. Who's that with the mega-nipples? Read the names, dude! Does this flick really earn its fully erect rating? It's a HUSTLER movie and this is HUSTLER Magazine. You figure it out. No shit though, your dick wants you to hunt this one down. Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. ***—M.J.***

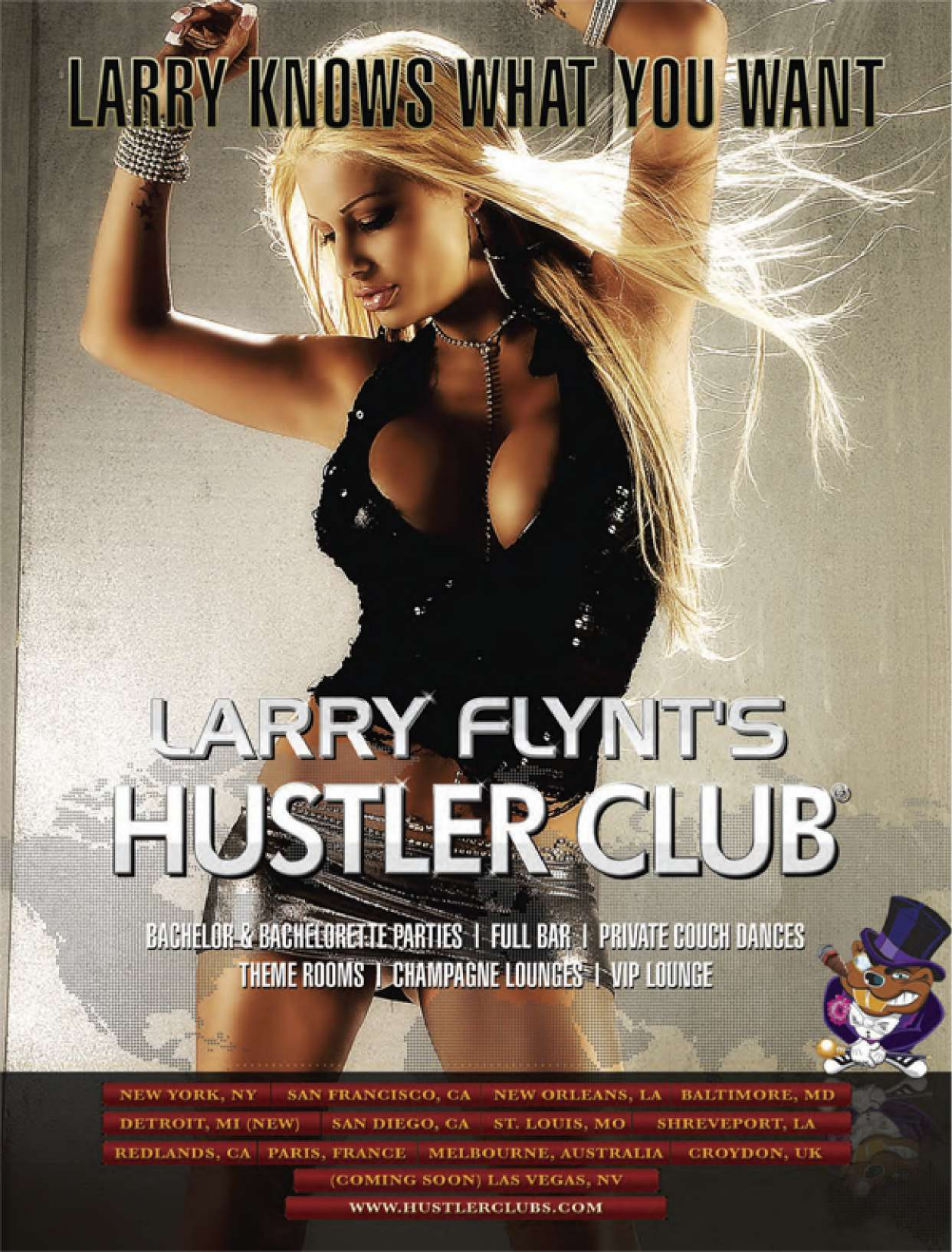
DANNI COLE

VICTORIA LAWSON

SAMANTHA SAINT



"Doctor, can you write me a prescription for something that will keep Republicans and Jesus people away from my uterus?!"



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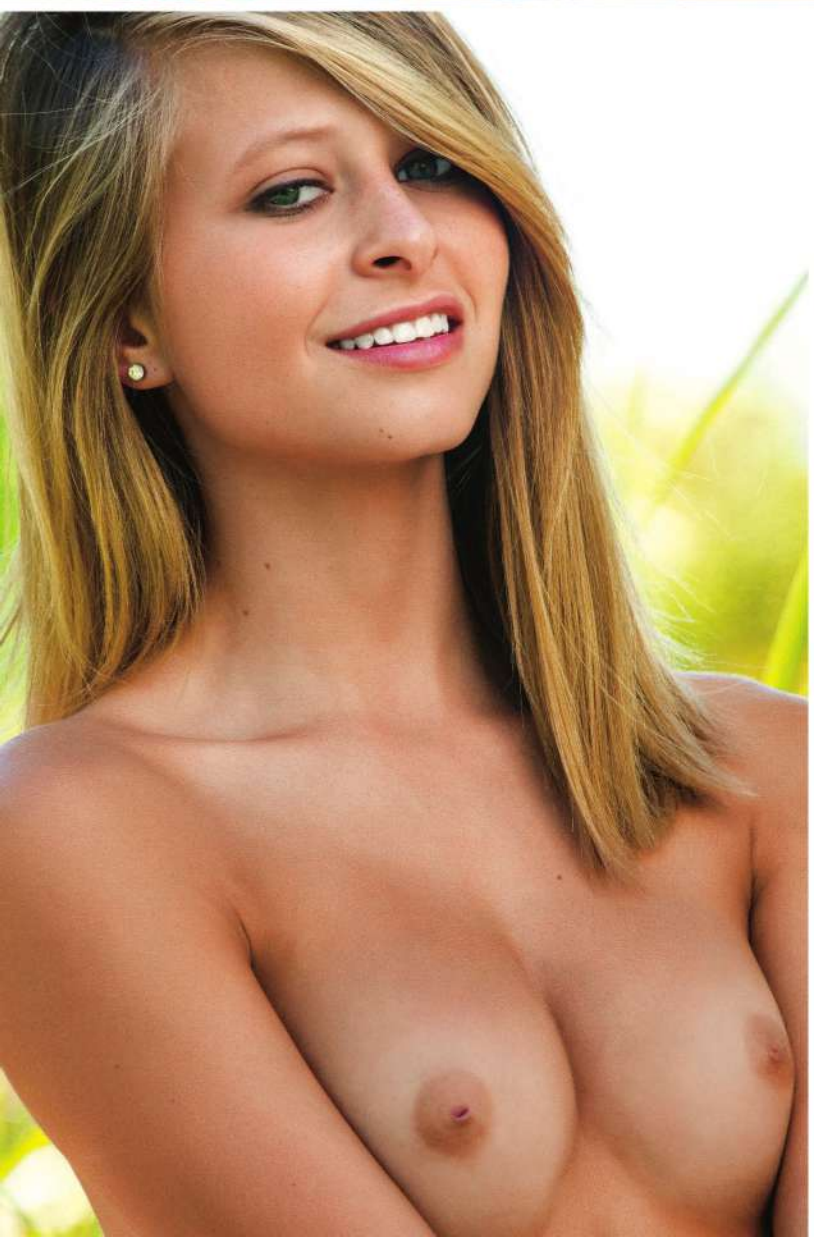
LAUREN
CLARE

FREE BIRD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATTI KLATT

I've always been into my sexuality and open with it, so I figured stripping for the camera might be fun. And it has been. It makes me feel free, kinda like in my dreams. See, I think I was a bird in my past life 'cause I'm always having flying dreams, where all of a sudden I take off into flight."



LAUREN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Louisville, Kentucky** | AGE: **18** | HEIGHT: **5-1**
MEASUREMENTS: **32-24-32** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy!**

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

EVIL-LYNN

"At home I'm always naked," reveals this "caring, considerate and kinky" topless dancer from Red Wing, Minnesota. "I like to be ready!" Having served her country as an Army mechanic, 29-year-old Evil-Lynn has now enlisted in America's favorite amateur-modeling showcase. "I'm real excited about being in *Beaver Hunt*," marvels the onetime lacrosse player, whose interests range from billiards and fishing to vampire sex. "That's when I'm into biting, hair-pulling and being controlled," Evil-Lynn continues. "One of my fantasies is to be tied up, blindfolded and tongued till I squirm like crazy!" Adding more sizzle, the 5-foot-2 Gopher Stater bellows, "I love giving head to guys *and* girls! I get off watching them squirm." And get a load of this! "Watching men jerk off turns me on," Evil-Lynn confides, "and I don't mind if a guy comes on my face when I'm sleeping."

—Photos by Friend

"Having sex while being watched is a real rush!"

ISABELLA

Most folk in Utah prefer spreading the gospel, but this office temp from Provo would rather slip out of her britches and spread her legs in HUSTLER. "I love being naked," says Isabella, 26. "It makes me feel naughty. I don't like wearing clothes much." She does like some other endeavors though: "My hobbies are running, snowboarding and singing, but my fave pastime is sex, sex and more sex! I've done it almost everywhere I can think of. I'm bi-curious, seductive and ambitious. Even though I wasn't a cheerleader, I did most of the basketball team my senior year of high school." The 5-foot-6 jezebel seems to favor the triangle offense: "I love doggy-style with another cock in my mouth at the same time." Isabella, whose bawdy claims to fame include "fucking on a beach in Hawaii with lots of people around," is on a hell-bent mission: "I want to feel a cock in my pussy while another one is up my ass!" —*Photos by Friend*

“Being naked is natural to me. I only get embarrassed if I wear the wrong clothes.”

CANDII STAXX

“I guess I’m sort of an exhibitionist,” reckons Candii Staxx, 25, an exotic dancer from Dallas, Texas. “It turns me on that guys everywhere will be looking at me. Is that weird?” Naw, and neither is her bravado: “One day last summer I drove butt naked on Highway 35W during five-o’clock traffic. It was fabulous. I felt so free. Why can’t we always be naked as we were when we came to life?” Candii, who shares a November 1 birthday with Larry Flynt, adores the movies *Moulin Rouge* and *Memoirs of a Geisha*, the book *Fifty Shades of Grey*, *The Ellen DeGeneres Show* and “any position a lover can twist me into—the weirder the better.” The 5-foot-7 bi babe isn’t thrilled that she lost her virginity to a dud “in the bed of a pickup truck with cows all around,” but she’s now an all-around bedmate: “Anal sex feels fabulous on both ends. It sends chills through my whole body. And I’m a squirter. If the guy knows what he’s doing with my pussy, I can shoot all the way to the ceiling. I have to wash my bedsheets every day!” *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

"I'm into any fetish my partner suggests, and I have a vivid imagination. I would love to be the first lady to make a porno in the middle of the Super Bowl."

EBONY

Some ladies need a little nudge to first ditch their duds in the great outdoors. Twenty-one-year-old Ebony for example. "I ran through a park naked on a dare," recalls the "very humble, unique and fun-loving" resident of Fayetteville, Arkansas. But now Ebony's quite comfy flaunting her bare body for HUSTLER readers and for anyone who wants to see what's in store when she's on call at Carson City, Nevada's Love Ranch North brothel. "I bring light when it's dark," the 5-foot-2 bi gal declares. "I put smiles on people's faces. My hobbies are shopping, bowling and mudding. My *passionate* hobbies are getting naked, fucking a lot and squirting. I can come eight or nine times!" Ebony also digs Tyler Perry movies, pizza, Mexican food and the music of Blake Shelton and Kid Rock. (We kid you not!) Just don't ask Ebony, whose top fantasy is "having sex with five famous porn stars," to go backdoor. "I don't like anal," she asserts. "Yakes! My booty is too tight." But very inviting nevertheless. —*Photos by John Cole*

"I love looking back at a man as he pounds my sweet little pussy yammy."

Faith be with me

"Working at a brothel is my dream job. I can be me, letting loose and having fun!"

KITTY

Here's an "outgoing" waitress from Spokane, Washington, who "always wanted to model nude" and isn't spoken for. "I'm single, but I date a lot of guys and girls," coos Kitty, 26, an Insane Clown Posse devotee with three big kicks: swimming, furry hentai and sex. "I will try anything and anyone at least once," the 5-foot-3 "anarchist" avows. (Note the tattooed *A* caressing her right nipple.) "What I really love the most is being fucked while I eat out another girl. And I love giving a guy head right to when he's about to come; then I'll jump on top and ride his dick till he comes deep inside me." No wonder Kitty owns up, "I'm fun to be with, and I've done all my sexual fantasies at least once, including an orgy." *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

"I'm an anarchist and bisexual free spirit. I don't believe in governments, but I do believe in coming every way and any way. I love orgasms!"

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *RCG* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

EXTRA BUCKS FOR BUSH!

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Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

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Date of birth   Model's Social Security number   Occupation

Telephone (include area code)   Personal e-mail address

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Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Real College Girls **applicants: check box below.**

☐

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I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

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PAYBACK'S A BITCH

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY
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CARTER CRUISE

AUGUST AMOS

JENNA IVORY

This girl's finally doing something about your fucking around. So if you want to see your worst nightmares come true, go to that revenge-porn site tomorrow. You know the one. Maybe you shouldn't have banged her sister!

Look for HUSTLER Video's *Revenge Porn*, coming soon to **HustlerStore.com**.

HÉLÈNE

HOT SEAT

HUSTLER CLASSIC NOVEMBER 1984

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JAMES BAES

It didn't take long for French-Canadian native **Hélène** to become accustomed to the warmth of Southern California—a sensual setting we thought ideal to display the charms of this hot-looking lady. "I adore the weather here," the 23-year-old bookkeeper told us. "It's great being able to run around in next to nothing, and once my body adjusted to it, I found the sunshine made me a lot more uninhibited."

But what about Canadians' reputation for being straitlaced when it comes to sex? "Not true!" **Hélène** said emphatically. "I mean, we go at it like jackrabbits. We have to—just to keep warm. But in California you can make it anywhere, anytime, summer or winter—on the beach, by the pool, in your car on the freeway. And California men—they're such hunks! I love them every chance I get!"

COMING NEXT

COLLECTOR'S EDITION!
HUSTLER'S 40TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Relive four decades of sex and defiance with rare photos, raunchy insider accounts and classic pink. We trace the evolution of America's Magazine from its legendary inception to the one you're holding in your hands. The milestones are many: nude celebs, taboo-busting photo-spreads, controversial covers, spread-eagle debuts of porn-star icons, outrageous parodies, obscenity wars and legal victories, takedowns of government hypocrites and, of course, thousands of the world's sexiest women in all their glory. Like Larry Flynt famously said in our premiere July '74 issue, "Anybody can be a playboy and have a penthouse, but it takes a man to be a HUSTLER."

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